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YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

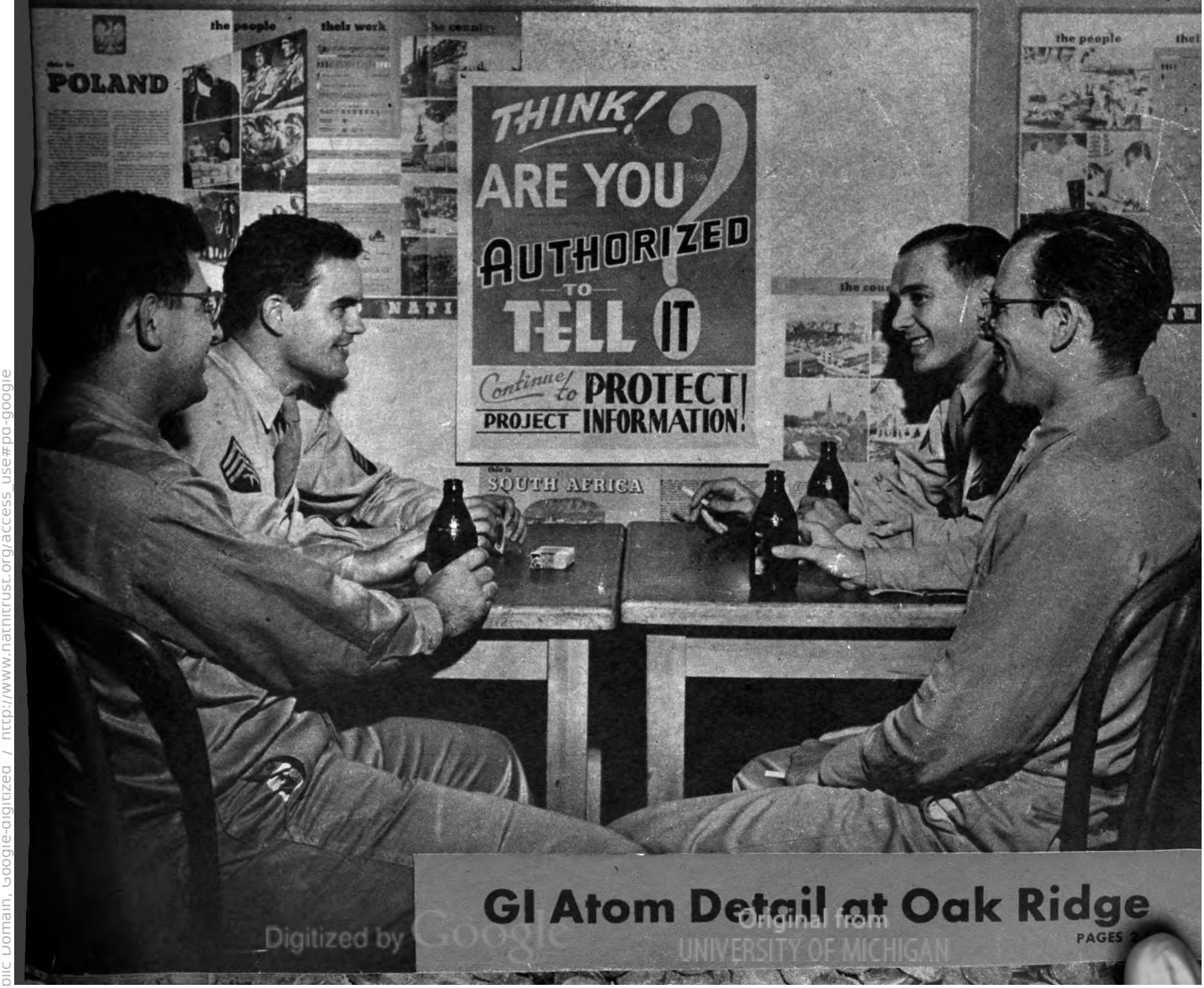
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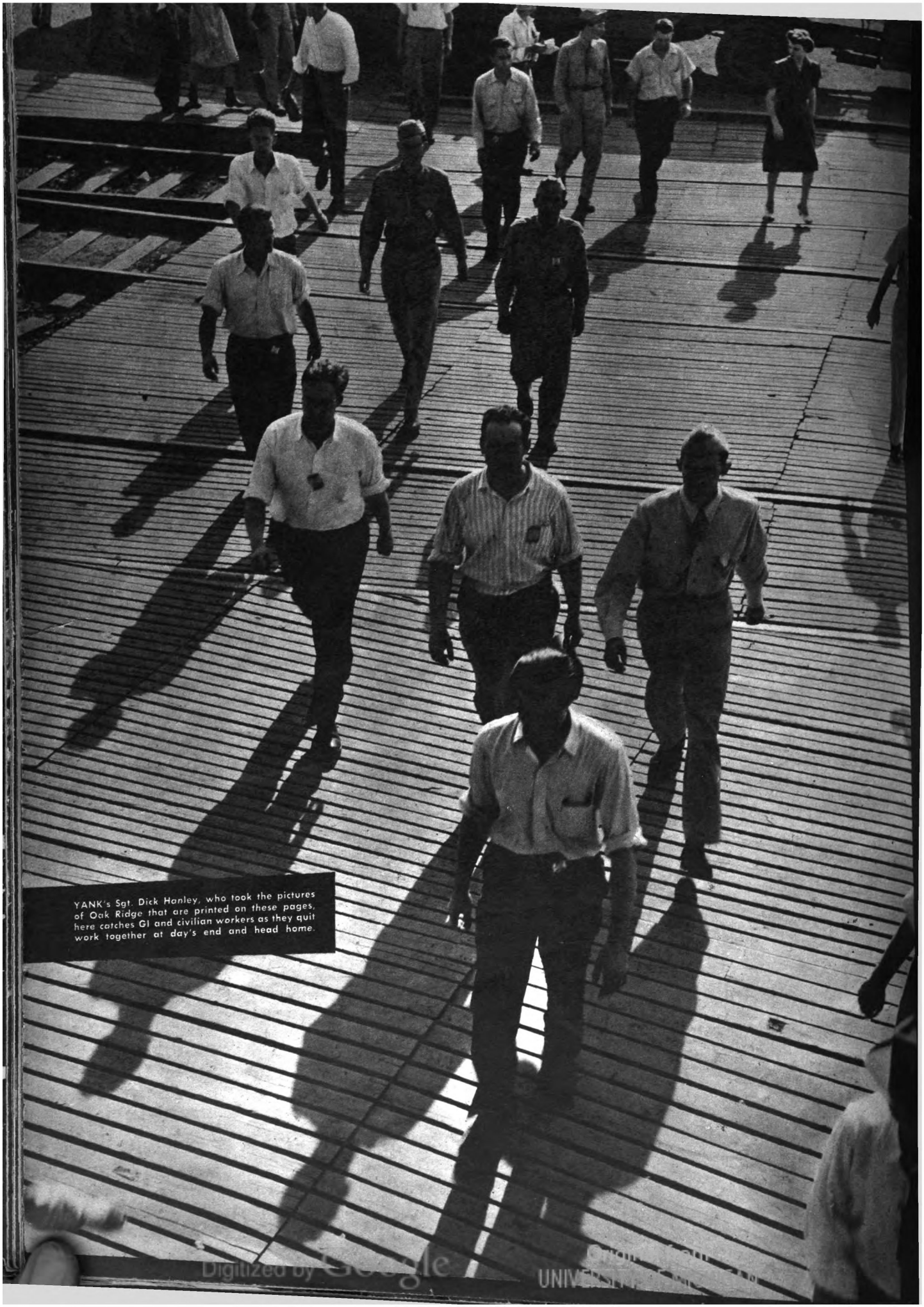
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GI Atom Detail at Oak Ridge

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YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley, who took the pictures of Oak Ridge that are printed on these pages, here catches GI and civilian workers as they quit work together at day's end and head home.

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A night view of one of the production plants manufacturing bomb materials at Oak Ridge.

GI Atom Detail

THE ATMOSPHERE AT OAK RIDGE WAS AS HEAVY WITH MYSTERY AS A DIME DETECTIVE NOVEL, AND UP TO THE BOMBING OF HIROSHIMA FEW GIs WORKING THERE KNEW THE PURPOSE OF THEIR SECRET JOB.

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

OAK RIDGE, TENN.—Up to now, every time S/Sgt. Ed Fritz has gone home to Superior, Wis., on furlough he has had trouble. Usually, it would begin when he stopped at a local tavern for a short beer.

Inevitably, either the bartender or one of Fritz's old friends would ask, "Where you stationed, Ed?"

"Tennessee," Fritz would answer evasively, hoping to end the matter right there.

"Where in Tennessee?"

"Oak Ridge," Fritz would say.

"Never heard of it. What is it—an airfield?"

"No."

"Well," the other party would continue, a little irritated by now, "what the hell is it then?"

"I can't tell you," Ed would reply uncomfortably.

"Oh, a big shot," the former friend would retort. "I don't even think there is a place in Tennessee called Oak Ridge.'

Fritz would gulp his beer and hurry home.

But even there he ran into trouble, because his father and his mother would say, "Surely, you can tell your own parents what you're doing." And his girl friend, who is a graduate chemistry student at the University of Illinois, was annoyed because, as she put it in a letter, "You never write about what you're doing with all your time these days."

Fritz couldn't answer anyone's questions. He was working on the most closely guarded secret in military history, and even when talking together about what was afoot at Oak Ridge, Fritz and his fellow GIs down here would speak of the "campaign buttons" or the perpetual-motion machine they were making or of the new kind of chicken they were producing for armies of occupation.

At least once a week a commissioned officer, occasionally a colonel from Washington, would issue a stern warning to as many of the EM here as could be assembled at one time. The warning seldom varied. "You men are soldiers," the officer would say. "You may think you're geniuses. You may have a high IQ, and you may all be college graduates, but as far as the Army is concerned, you're not paid to think—not after you finish work, anyway.

"If anybody, soldier or civilian, asks any questions—even the time of day—your answer is three simple words, 'I don't know.' Anybody here who can't learn those three words will be subject to an immediate court-martial. Understand?"

Until recently, as a matter of fact, a majority of the EM at Oak Ridge weren't exactly sure what they *were* working on. A few, like Pfc. Joe Stein, who became an American citizen not long ago, were fairly certain that they knew. Stein, who was born in Antwerp and who left Europe on the last trip the *Ile de France* made to the U. S. before the war, had been a science student in Switzerland. Not long before taking off for the U. S. he had a talk with a German scientist whose name he still won't mention. Up until the time the German scientist, a Jew, had been unceremoniously kicked out of his Berlin laboratory by the Nazis, he had been experimenting on a new atom-splitting process. So Stein had some inkling of what was up in the field of atomic research. But he thinks it was mere chance that he was sent to Oak Ridge after reaching the U. S. and getting drafted.

"Until after the first bomb was dropped," he said, "I never told anyone what I thought we



Jackson Square is Oak Ridge's main business and shopping center. The town also has several movie houses for its 75,000 citizens, but only one night club.

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Guards stop cars or trucks coming in or out of the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corp. plant.

were doing—or that I was afraid the Nazis or maybe the Japs would beat us to it.

"My uncle in New York City used to ask me what I was doing in the Army, and I told him that I was in the Engineers, which was true, and that we were building portable GI latrines.

"I don't think he believed me."

Since Aug. 7, however, the day the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, the friends and families of Fritz and Stein have known that Oak Ridge, Tenn., a mushroom town with a population of around 78,000, is the place where much of the research on the atomic bomb has been done. And for the first time the 1,200 enlisted scientists who are members of the Special Engineering Detachment here can use words like "uranium," "heavy water" and "isotopes" in public.

Even with the end of the war, however, talk about how the atomic bomb is actually produced is strictly forbidden and will probably remain forbidden for a long, long time to come.

The EM in the Special Engineering Detachment are a carefully selected group—whatever Stein may think—and all of them are what the MPs around here call the "brainy type." Occasionally, a wag will nail a sign to one of the barracks saying, "Geniuses sleep here," or, "Every man an Albert Einstein." The average score in the soldier-scientists' Army General Classification Test is 132; a number of the men have scores of 150 and above; very few scored below 120. The men in the SED are physicists, chemists and engineers, most of them recent college graduates. Their average age is just 23.

In a typical barracks recently a dog-eared copy of Plato's "Republic" was lying face up on one of the unmade bunks. Among the volumes piled in gloriously un-GI confusion on a locker were "Calculus for the Practical Man," "Applied Nuclear Physics" and "The Handbook on Radiotron."

The only magazine visible was a publication called *Chemical and Engineering News*. All it contained by way of pictures were a few highly technical illustrations. The record player in the corner was surrounded by albums of Tschaikovsky, some Grieg and quite a lot of Johann Sebastian Bach. Long-hair, see.

For a time there had been nine Ph.D.s in that particular barracks and six Masters of Arts. Naturally, everyone of the 48 enlisted men billeted there had earned at least a Bachelor of Arts or of Science degree.

Like everybody else in the Army, the GI scientists—Ph.D.s or not—have their troubles. They have special trouble, they feel, with the SED T/O, though the number of high-ranking non-coms is considerably larger than in an ordinary outfit. Promotions are recommended by the civilians, usually also scientists, under whom most of the EM work.

"Now, where I am," explained a man who had been a pfc for 18 months, "there's a Yale professor in charge. So, naturally, all the Yale men get the ratings. If you just went through New Haven on the train once, he makes you at least a buck sergeant." The embittered pfc was a graduate of Princeton.

In general, however, the GI scientists agree that being stationed at Oak Ridge has been a good deal—as Army deals go. There is no reveille, because the men work on a three-shift basis—0800 to 1600, 1600 to 2400, 0001 to 0800—alternating shifts every seven days.

There is no KP at Oak Ridge because there is no Army mess. The EM are paid a rations allowance of $2.25 a day and may eat at any of the nine restaurants, five cafeterias and three lunchrooms in Oak Ridge.

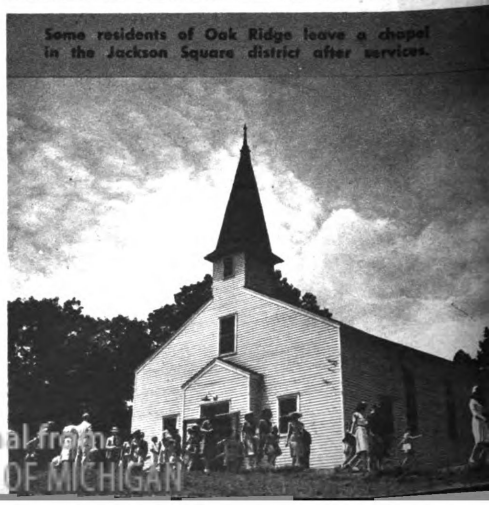
Also in Oak Ridge are several thousand young women from all over the U. S., most of them single and many of them lonely. More than 30 of the GI scientists have been married to Oak Ridge women-workers since being assigned here.

Aside from the advantages represented by no KP and plenty of girls, every member of the SED was assured a Stateside assignment as long



Hundreds of plant workers live in trailers like this one, but most GIs are quartered in barracks.

Some residents of Oak Ridge leave a chapel in the Jackson Square district after services.



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UK for the regular fall terms, the program will be broadened to meet the specific demands of the occupation troops. Many industries and trades do not operate at maximum capacity during the summer months, and many courses may now open up for greater student quotas.

The biggest single phase of the whole group-participation program is the Command Unit School, drawn up for each unit of battalion or Air-Force-group size. Both academic and vocational material is or will soon be available, with a range of texts from fifth-grade to second-year-college level. The teachers are qualified men within the units, and most of them have had added training at spots such as the I & E Staff School in Paris. While requirements limit attendance at Army universities and civilian agencies to those with special skills and aptitudes, no such restriction is placed on Command School enrollments. Anybody can go. Anybody can ask for any course that is given. There are 300 textbooks, covering everything from Successful Poultry Management to Labor Problems in America. The study units are divided into blocks of work. Each block requires 20 hours of study. As far as possible, each block is independent of subsequent blocks, so that if a student has to quit in the middle of the course, he still will have soaked up some knowledge.

The first step toward breaking in on any one of the Army's school programs is to talk it over with the unit I & E officer. The CO's approval is the first hurdle you must clear before any application to attend school may be filed. If the CO says you're "essential" there is nothing the I & E school authorities can do about it.

The big bugaboo—the fear of being left behind if your outfit ships—has been quashed by a WD ruling. This says that if your number turns up while you're in the middle of any of the GI school programs, you can take your choice: Finish the course and head for home when it's done, or turn in your books right now and run for the gangplank.

England

By Sgt. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

SHRIVENHAM, ENGLAND—When the Army's University Center here opened on Aug. 1, it was 340 short of its quota of GI students. The school could take care of 4,000 men, but only 3,660 had enrolled. To the authorities, who had expected a long waiting list, this was something of a surprise. But to ordinary soldiers there was a reason. They thought they would get pushed around just as much at a GI university as any other place in the Army—so they didn't sign up.

But miracles can happen—even to EM.

There is danger of this story sounding lovey-dovey, but most Shrivenham students, when asked if they like the set-up, reply more or less as did Pfc. Chester Anderson, who came to AUC from Salzburg, Austria. "It's about the best deal I ever had in the Army," he said. "Only three men in my outfit signed up, because we were suspicious as hell. But now I'm here I can honestly say there is no chicken; the school is run efficiently without red tape."

Possibly more surprised than the students are the civilian professors fresh from the States on special leaves of absence to teach at the University. There is a story going around that they had been warned beforehand by some hard-bitten brass that 80 percent of the GIs coming from the Continent would screw off and that 20 percent might work. This, of course, didn't make the profs any too happy. They had no idea how they were supposed to handle more than 3,500 fighting men who didn't want to study. But now, after a month and a half of classroom lecturing, they tell you that they get more work out of GIs in one week than they get out of students back home in six months. Their natural enthusiasm causes them to exaggerate a bit, no doubt, but it serves nicely to disprove the cynical attitude the brass had.

There is little difference between Shrivenham and an American college campus. GI students stretch out on the lawns between classes or drink cokes in the Red Cross Club. A few Wacs and nurses give the place a slight co-educational touch, although they are outnumbered 150 to one (eight Wacs and 16 nurses are enrolled). The one big difference between Shrivenham and a campus back home is that 1,104 German POWs do KP, cook meals and police up the area. If it weren't for the Geneva Convention rules, they would undoubtedly make the students' beds and clean up the quarters, too. It is the policy of the University to eliminate all details, and give men who have been on the Continent a rest as well as a free education for two months. There are no formations except at reveille. Students eat off trays in mess halls that are better than average and sleep between sheets on spring beds.

Of the faculty's 229 members, 130 are civilian professors, 93 are Army officers who either have had some teaching experience or have degrees that make them eligible to teach, and six are enlisted men, three of whom have Ph.D. degrees. The enlisted men among the teachers have a simulated rank of warrant officer and wear white strips of ribbon on their shoulder straps.

Some of the students are disappointed that rank has not been abolished on the campus. These EM look at it this way: A university is supposed to foster individuality. There should be no better place, they say, than AUC for switch-over from military to civilian approach to life.

On the campus you see shoulder patches of almost every division on the Continent. Only 400 men are from the UK. Twenty percent of the students are from the Infantry. The average age is 24, but ages run from 18 to 50. The prevalent rank is pfc, but there are three lieutenant colonels. One of them is studying advanced English composition, French and feature writing. Another is boning up on the principles of secondary education and American and world affairs.

AUC offers 263 courses in eight fields. Liberal arts and commerce are the two largest sections. Languages attract the largest enrollment in liberal arts. Maj. H. W. K. Fitzroy, dean of liberal arts, says that this interest in languages is due to the war. "GI students have picked up some knowledge of languages on the Continent and they are going all-out to pick up more," he said recently, adding that there are more students taking Italian at AUC than there are at Harvard. The largest enrollment is in French and German. There is also quite a demand for Russian. "It's the end of isolationism," said Maj. Fitzroy.

THE University is a huge pile of brick on 700 acres of ground. Built in 1937, it was originally a British officers' training school. It is modern, and the quarters are extremely comfortable, with good showers, ventilation and heat. It is set in very pleasant rolling country near Swindon in Berkshire. The English department points out with pride that the school is in a location bounded by the former homes of Mrs. Gaskell, Shakespeare, Thomas Hardy, Jane Austen and George Eliot. King Alfred burnt his oat cakes about 300 yards from the Red Cross Club.

There are acres and acres of sports ground. Physical training is compulsory, and each student is supposed to put in four hours a week. Some GIs who fought their way across three countries complain that they have had enough exercise and would rather spend the time studying.

There is a very good 60-hour pass arrangement. Every week end GIs can take off on Friday afternoon after class and return Monday morning in time for reveille. Something like 1,500 students go to London each week end. It takes an hour and three-quarters in non-stop trains which Special Services has chartered. Special Services also runs a train to Bournemouth and buses to Sulgrave (best example of Norman architecture in England), Bath, Salisbury, Stratford-on-Avon and Winchester. On the way back from Bath, the bus stops at Norton St. Philip so that the students can have a pint in the oldest licensed pub in England—the George—built in 1367.

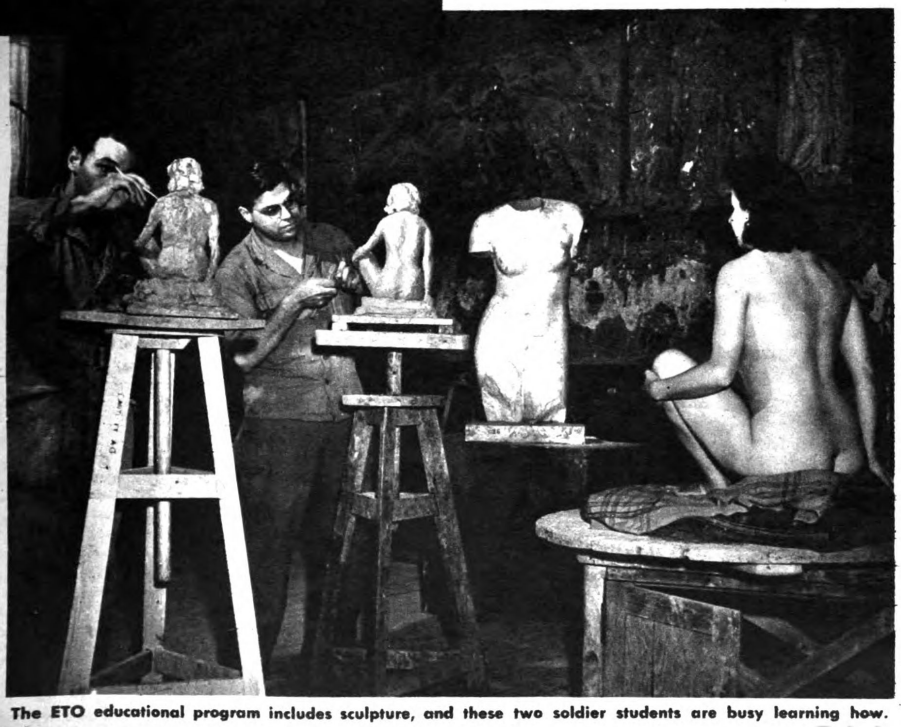
AUC is a complete university. No one has swallowed any goldfish yet, but one of the English professors collaborating with the Music Department has just written a college song which is about as corny as that of any other alma mater. The first verse runs:

'Mid the rolling downs of England,
At Shrivenham, County Berks,
We've come from distant places for
A higher goal than marks.

Some may prefer the unofficial college song which you can hear late at night in the barracks and in the Red Cross Club. The first verse is as follows:

Beaucoup study at AUC,
But the soldiers no compri.

For the lucky GIs who can get to them, there are both Army and civilian universities in the ETO, with courses ranging from beauty culture to math.



The ETO educational program includes sculpture, and these two soldier students are busy learning how.

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By Sgt. ALLAN B. ECKER
YANK Staff Writer

LAZY OVERSEAS VETERAN desires easy job with big pay, preferably sitting down, especially interested radio. S. Richard Collier, 1975 Sedgwick Ave., Bronx. FO 5-7102.

DESIRE DANGEROUS WORK, any type, from parachuting to driving automobiles into brick walls; travel if necessary; love excitement; ex-paratrooper, age 22. Edward Bergida, 726 De Kalb Ave., Bklyn.

Ads like these, and thousands of a more humdrum variety, have been appearing daily in the New York City newspaper *PM* since July 3. That would not be particularly remarkable except that (1) *PM* has long refused to carry advertising, (2) the advertisers are all veterans of this war and (3) the ads are free.

PM credits its business department with the idea, since taken up by the Indianapolis (Ind.) *Star* and several trade publications, including *Billboard* (the entertainment business) and *Lingerie World* (the lingerie business). *Tide* (advertising-trade publication) started carrying free want ads for veterans in its bi-monthly newsletter to subscribers back in November 1944. But as the first daily newspaper to carry such ads, and the first publication to carry veterans' ads for jobs of every sort (*Billboard* carries only entertainment ads, *Tide* only advertising, marketing and public-relations ads), the *PM* experiment rates a onceover.

Because employers are instructed to communicate directly with the persons advertising for jobs, *PM* has no way of knowing for sure how successful the ads have been. Postcards and letters to the editor, however, as well as telephone polls by *PM* and YANK reporters, point to a fairly good batting average for the want-ad columns.

Whatever the percentages, the new department has the confidence of a good number of ex-GIs. On an average day, 50 to 60 veterans, including one or two women, bring their certificates of honorable discharge to the newspaper. To an out-of-work veteran, the free *PM* ad is something of a break. It isn't even possible to buy similar space in some New York newspapers. The *News*, *Mirror* and *World-Telegram* discontinued "situations wanted" ads a year ago because of the newsprint shortage.

At the standard rate, the free space in *PM* would cost about $3 in another newspaper. The New York *Times*, in the morning field, charges 60 cents a line for its weekday "situations wanted" advertising. The New York *Post*, an evening tabloid, charges 55 cents a line. Five words to a line is standard count.

The *PM* ad also gives its purchaser whatever advantage there is in letting prospective employers know you are a veteran. The only other New York paper to do anything like this is the *Times*, which runs veterans' and non-veterans' ads all together, but somewhat cryptically marks those of the veterans with an asterisk. Some employers prefer to hire ex-servicemen, but other bosses frankly say they're looking for anybody who can do the job.

A lot of veterans, especially those with no prewar job experience, find difficulty in wording their ads. Miss Ruth Schlesinger, the red-head who handles the *PM* ad-taking, tries to help such ex-servicemen express themselves and occasionally edits their advertising copy. Many ex-GIs say they "will take anything with a postwar future" and are "willing to learn." That's natural, considering the large number of men drafted right out of high school or college. But there are also many—radio mechanics and radar operators, for instance—who have acquired technical skills while in service. Their ads stress Army experience.

The average advertiser seems to get about a half-dozen answers. High man was probably J. A. Lalonde, a Navy veteran who advertised for his prewar type of job—superintendent of a large apartment house. "It was a landslide," he says. "I counted 150 phone calls and landed exactly the opportunity I was looking for."

Sumner Richard Collier, the GI who described himself as "lazy," reeeived more than 100 replies to his eye-catching ad. Built on Sydney Greenstreet lines, Collier as a GI had traveled around North Africa and the Middle East as a Special Services entertainer. His ad brought him the job he wanted in show business.

Some advertisers have drawn a blank. Chief Photographer's Mate M. Saunders, who has nine years in the Navy, sought a job as a commercial photographer. He'd seen action with a combat photo team in France and on a Pacific cruiser. Perhaps because the phone he listed Yonkers number, which involves toll charges, or simply because nobody was looking for a photographer, he didn't get any answers. But through a prewar contact he landed the job he wanted.

Here are some other reactions to the *PM* ads: V. W. Pierce, who worked on the mechanical end of the Rome *Stars and Stripes*, advertised for a job as proofreader or linotype operator. He received replies from five outstanding magazine and book publishers, all offering around $70 a week (the linotype union minimum) or better.

A machinist's mate first class named Norman Choplin, who had put in four years and eight months on Coast Guard service, including Atlantic convoy duty, was a little PO'd. He got just one offer, as a maintenance mechanic in a fair-sized concern. When Choplin asked for $1.20 an hour, the prewar rate, the boss said: "Don't you know the war is over?" That burned up the coast guardsman. "Can you beat that?" says Choplin. "*He tells me* the war is over!"

Two paratroopers who advertised for "dangerous" jobs had similar experiences with their *PM* ads. Vincent Westborg, an ex-pfc who fought at Bastogne in the 101st Airborne Division, was laid off from a war-plant job (as a $65-a-week mechanic) when war contracts were cancelled. His wife was expecting a baby.

"Disgusted with looking for a half-way decent job, going places and finding the job was taken or didn't pay enough," he advertised for the "dangerous" assignment. He's had only three responses, none of them what he wanted. When interviewed, Westborg was getting "kinda desperate" and had just about made up his mind to take "any old job."

The other paratrooper, Edward Bergida, fought as an infantryman in the Attu campaign and then jumped with the 17th Airborne Division in Germany. Single, Bergida wanted a stunting job because "I like it, I know how to do it and it pays off. Besides, I'm kinda crazy, I guess."

He has had only three replies, all indicating that one man's idea of danger may not be the same as another's: insurance salesman, "just plain" salesman and chauffeur. Bergida says he is going to Hollywood to "crash my way into a stunt job with MGM or somebody."

Many veterans, according to Miss Schlesinger, turn down offers because they have an exaggerated idea of present wage scales. Some refuse jobs paying $30 a week because they can get $20 a week in unemployment compensation.

Besides trying to straighten out ex-servicemen on current wages, Miss Schlesinger has given advice that helped more than one disabled veteran to reorient himself. At her suggestion, a Navy dentist — whose right arm will be crippled for a year because of wounds suffered in the Pacific —advertised for a desk job with a dental-supply house. He got it. A Marine corporal with battle-fatigued nerves, who needed a quiet outdoor job to recover, found a congenial position as gardener on a Connecticut estate.

Most ex-officers seem to want to mention their commissions. One advertiser identified himself as a former lieutenant colonel in the Field Artillery. Occasionally, too, an ad will begin: "Sergeant, 43, can handle men. . . ." But there are also humble ads from the brass, such as the one reading: "Ex-Army officer, 33, married, math major, desires permanent pos., willing to learn, work hard, $45."

John P. Lewis, *PM's* managing editor, would like to see other newspapers pick up the free want-ad idea. So would the WD's Personal Affairs Division. But Lewis hopes the ads will not encourage a class distinction between veterans and non-veterans.

"Most of the many civilians being displaced as a result of cancelled war contracts knew what they were up against and could look around in advance," says Lewis. "Several million servicemen, thrown on the job market in a short space of time, have been out of touch so long they don't know how or where to look. The free want ads may help solve that special, temporary problem.

"But in the long run, the best thing for veterans is to start thinking of themselves as the civilians that they are. If 10 million ex-GIs get jobs and 10 million ex-war workers and plain ordinary people lose them, we haven't solved a damn thing. The major problem for all of us, something that advertising won't solve, is to increase the total number of jobs available, so we can arrive at full employment."

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...e's good ...e plenty of civvies ...e market even now, priced to fit any post-Army pocketbook.

By Sgt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

Clothing, Not Issued



FOR reasons not unconnected with VE- and VJ-Days, millions of Army men have recently become clothes-conscious. Civilian clothes-conscious. Their sartorial interest, long confined to drab speculation as to whether their uniforms would get by rear-echelon MPs, has all at once broadened to include thoughts about their chances of buying white shirts, double-breasted flannels and other apparel unobtainable from a supply sergeant or the nearest PX.

There have been reports, possibly foisted by over-zealous drum-beaters for the postwar Army, that good men's clothes are very hard to find, that there are no such things any more as either white shirts or flannels. YANK is in a position to brand most such reports as exaggerated. If a man hangs on to a reasonable percentage of his $200-$300 discharge pay, he won't have to start civilian life in a barrel.

These glad tidings are brought by a prospective civilian, a veteran who, for the sake of the truth and his own wardrobe, recently spent a good many happy hours interviewing department-store buyers and managers of men's shops in New York City. If the country's largest town is at all typical, you don't have to pay attention to such rumors as "Suits cost three times what they did before Pearl Harbor."

One reason that suits do not cost three times as much as they did in 1941 is that the Government set up an organization called the Office of Price Administration and endowed it with certain powers to hold prices in line. With wage increases in mind, the OPA permitted clothing manufacturers a wartime percentage mark-up, but the mark-up has not been in the neighborhood of 300 percent; 5 percent would be more like it.

The civilian-to-be did discover that there are certain shortages. All 15 of the men's shops he happened to stray into had white shirts, though three had none with 14½ or 15 collars, the most popular sizes in the shirt field. Haberdashers told him that there had been a severe shortage of white shirts right up to VE-Day, when the Navy, which they held primarily responsible for the skimpy civilian supply, began cutting its orders. "Right now," one haberdasher with an honest face said, "some of us have plentiful stocks. Give us six more months and we'll have enough white shirts for everybody."

English flannels are also scarce and hard-finished worsteds even scarcer, though neither material is downright unobtainable and some stores in New York City have flannels in a wide variety of patterns and sizes. The general opinion, though, is that it will be a full year before stores the country over will be able wholly to replenish their stocks. Meanwhile, unless you are more demanding than a man who has spent quite some time in ODs and sun-tans has any reason to be, you can find plenty of comfortable and good-looking substitutes—gabardines, tweeds and ordinary worsteds, to name only three choices.

The quality of all men's clothes just now is still on the lowered wartime level. One candid and sympathetic salesman went so far as to whisper: "The boys shouldn't be too anxious to buy new clothes now because wartime restrictions have hampered us in both styling and materials during the past three years. My advice to them would be to take their old suits to a tailor and see what can be done with them and wait awhile before buying a lot of clothes."

Other salesmen agreed with him and added that pre-Pearl Harbor suits won't look out-of-date in 1945—or 1946. Outside of a vent here and a pleat there, national clothing manufacturers say, there hasn't been a major style change in men's fashions in the past 10 years. The zoot-suit fad isn't regarded as a "major" change.

"Zoot suiters and their ilk," said one department-store man scornfully, "are on the lunatic fringe of men's fashions. Zoot suits never had any appeal for our type of customer and aren't worth a damn."

THIS salesman did acknowledge, however, that there has been a growing trend toward loose-fitting, somewhat long-coated suits based on the British lounge model. This trend, he pointed out, had got under way long before the war started and the chances seem to be that your old clothes will reflect it enough to make them wearable—from the standpoint of style—in this or the next year of grace.

Other stylists don't foresee any marked changes in suits even in the future. There has been some loose talk about manufacturers blossoming out with bright red coats and purple slacks, suits without pockets (men, it's explained, will carry cute little handbags just as women do now) and several other wacky innovations. The manager of one shop turned up a conservative nose at all such rumored changes and dismissed them haughtily as "swish."

Some veterans, it was admitted in clothing circles, go a litle berserk in buying their first postwar civilian suit and order the loudest number in stock. When the point system first went into effect, there was a noisy demand for race-track checks and similar conspicuous patterns. The fad is now reported on the wane. "In fact," one store manager declared, "most of the boys are bringing the loud numbers back and asking for an exchange. They want something quiet."

Even so, it appears that long tenure in the Army or Navy does affect a man's taste in clothes somewhat. Army dischargees usually cringe when salesmen show them something in brown, and ex-Navy men will have nothing whatever to do with blue. No matter what their branch of service, veterans demand that suits fit comfortably. They don't want that buttoned-up feeling. "Sometimes," one clerk said petulantly, "we give them a size over what they should wear and still they insist, 'This suit fits too tight.'"

A MONEY-CONSCIOUS guy and one who has outgrown his old clothes, YANK's civilian-to-be decided that he ought to find out exactly what a complete new wardrobe would cost. He figured that his wardrobe should consist of a business suit, a sports jacket, flannel slacks, topcoat, hat, one pair of shoes, three shirts, three sets of underwear, two handkerchiefs, four pairs of socks, a tie and a pair of suspenders. (No nightshirt; the guy sleeps raw.) He further figured that this complete wardrobe should cost under $300—the amount of discharge pay he has coming to him in three equal installments. These decisions made, he went into four somewhat different kinds of clothing establishments and demanded to know what his future wardrobe would set him back.

Store A was a chain men's shop specializing in cheaper furnishings. Store B was a department store well known for selling men's clothes at a reasonable price; Store C was a reputable medium-price men's shop; Store D, one of the most expensive ready-made clothing firms in Manhattan. From the following figures the stores furnished you can judge what it is going to cost you to dress like a civilian:

	Store A	Store B	Store C	Store D
Business suit	$26.75	$42.50	$65.00	$85.00
Topcoat	28.20	39.50	55.00	65.00
Sports jacket	16.50	25.00	35.00	50.00
Flannel slacks	8.75	10.95	15.00	18.00
Felt hat	5.00	5.00	7.50	10.00
Shoes	4.30	6.95	8.95	10.00
3 shirts	6.75	7.50	12.00	15.00
3 sets of underwear	3.00	4.50	6.00	7.50
2 handkerchiefs	.70	1.00	2.00	2.50
4 pairs of socks	1.20	2.00	4.00	5.00
Tie	1.00	1.50	2.50	5.00
Suspenders	1.00	1.25	1.50	2.00
	$103.15	$147.65	$214.45	$275.00

The civilian-to-be turned in his report with this terse comment: "If these prices don't suit you, bud, you can always re-enlist."

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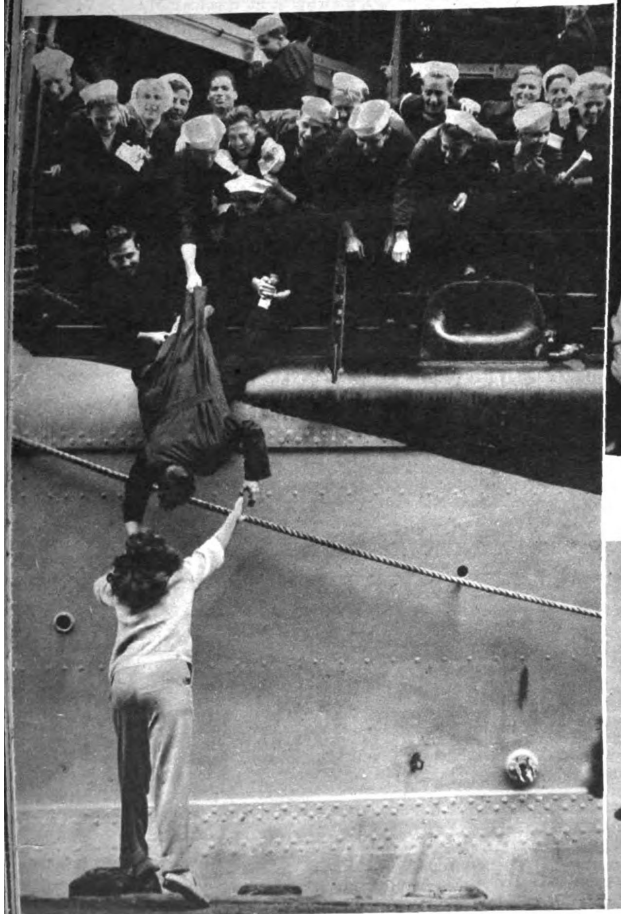
AERIAL DRESS. With bans lifted on civilian flying, Linda Darnell, the 20th Century-Fox star, is learning how in Los Angeles.



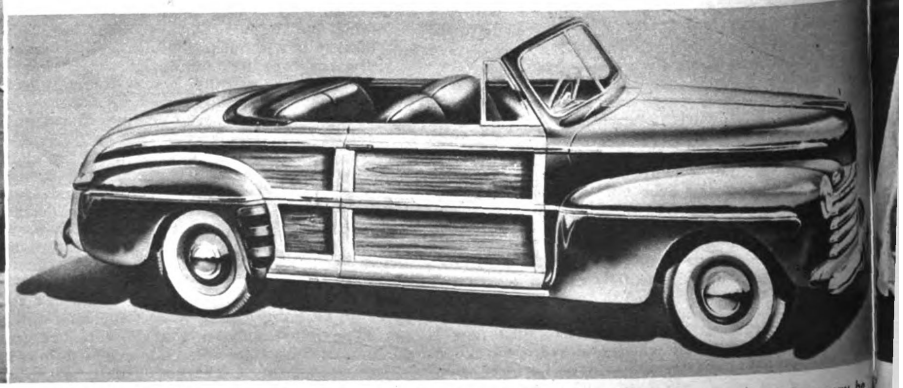
GOOD READING. Jap generals and admirals, in Bilibid Prison, Manila, read YANK, our favorite magazine. The Jap at right looks at feature, "Main Streets of America," which we never let him visit.



FAMILY SELL-OUT. Frank Sinatra had an extra-smug expression on his face in Hollywood when Bing Crosby's boys, Dennis, Cary, Lindsay and Philip, came up and asked him for his autograph.



NEAR MISS. When the cruiser *San Diego* docked in San Francisco a sailor lunged for a welcome kiss but didn't make it.



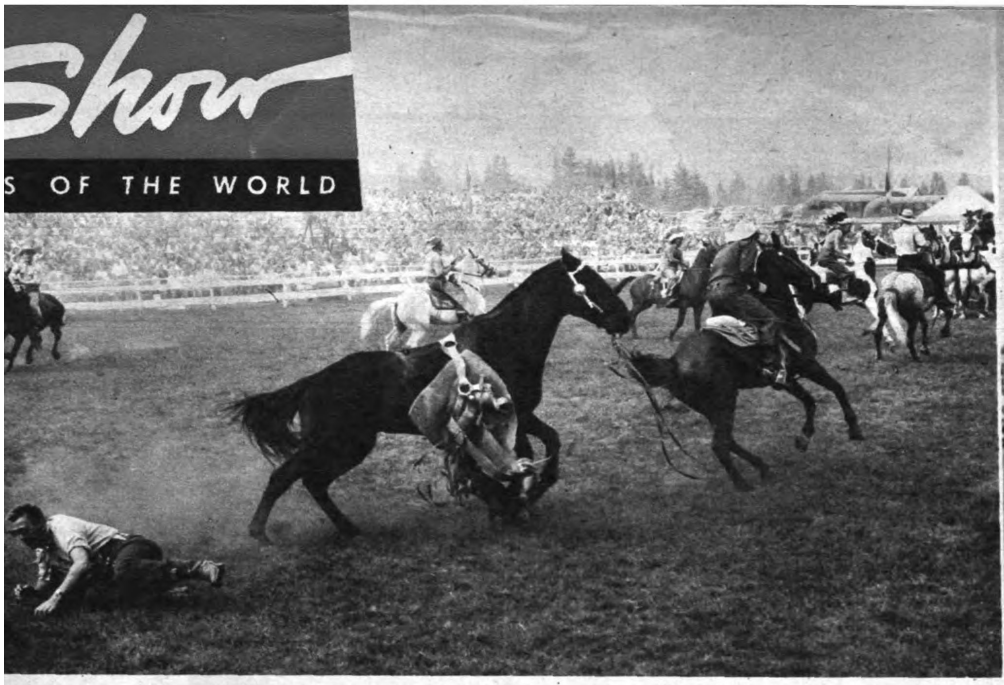
DRIVING PLEASURE. This is a new job, turned out by the Ford Motor Company, which you may be able to buy next year. It's a sportsman's convertible—a combination station wagon and convertible.

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S OF THE WORLD



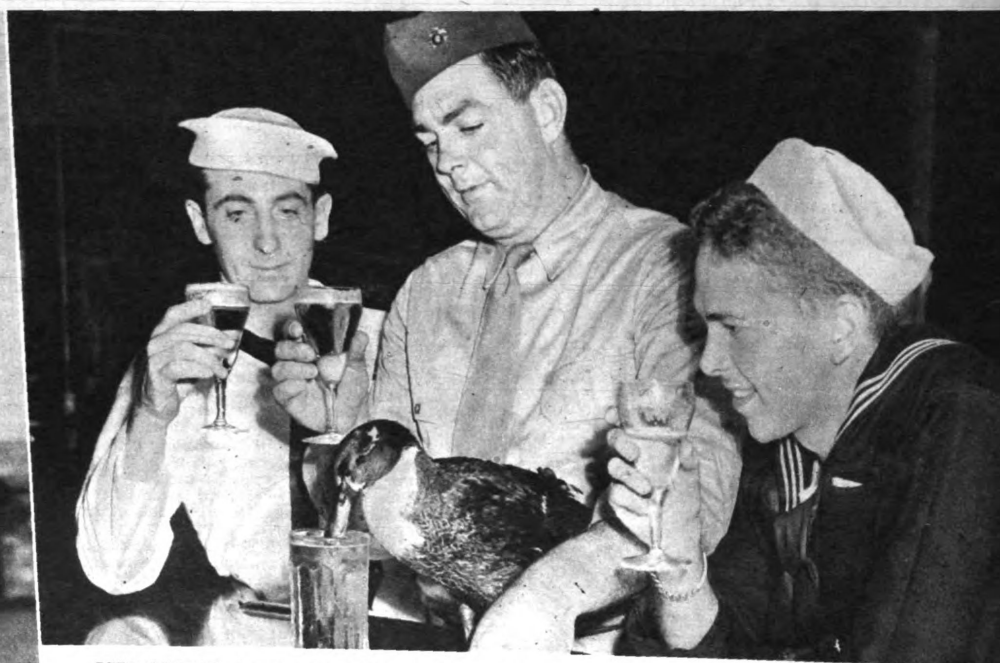
CASUALTY. At Lake Placid Club, the Army Ground Service Forces Redistribution Station held a rodeo. The GI cowboy on the left might have preferred being bucked off, but it was an accident. The saddle girth broke on him.



OUT TOGETHER. In Paris, married Sgts. Bernard and Marian Sokolowsky have 87 points apiece.



PIN-UP OF INDIA. Erin De Selfa of Ceylon, now in London, gave 6,000 performances for Allied soldiers.



BEER BILLING. Siwash, front and center, takes to the home brew like a duck to water. With his Marine master, Cpl. Francis Fagan (center), he saw a lot of combat in the Pacific. Now he's in Chicago and wants out.



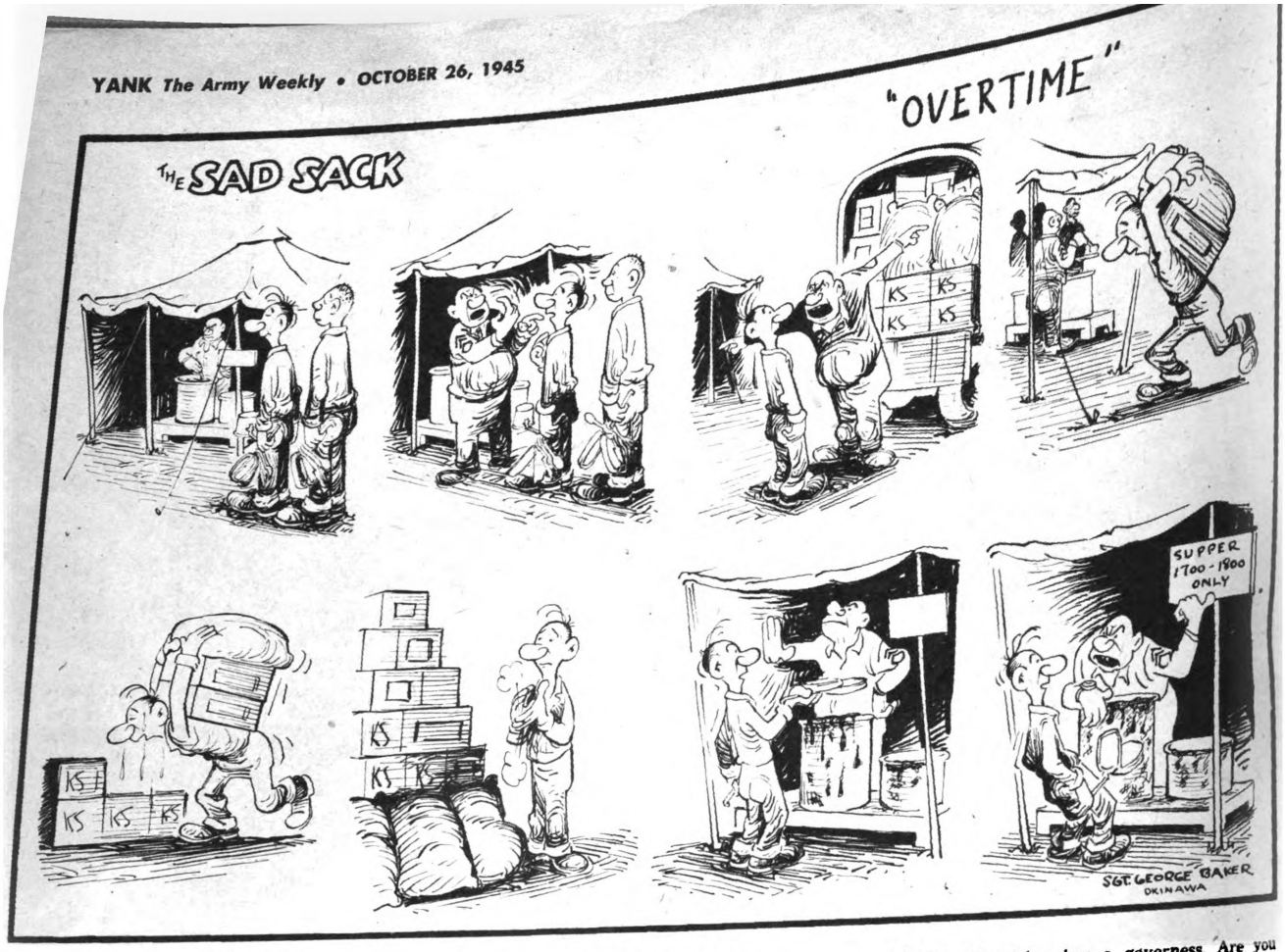
REMEMBER BATAAN. Maj. Stanley Reilly, freed prisoner, carves "Death March" map on mess kit.



LEARNING JAP. S/Sgt. Masami Otsuka of [illegible] teaches American [illegible]

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The Little girl



By Pfc. MORRIS FREEDMAN

THE little girl sat straight in the chair, her pigtails touching her back as they fell. Her left hand lay palm up in her lap. When food lingered on her lips she gently dabbed it with her napkin. She sat on the outside of the table, facing the mirror, and gravely watched her reflection. Her mother sat against the mirror, opposite the little girl and the technical sergeant.

"It was terribly hot in New York before we left," her mother was saying, elbow on the table, her mouth picking at a bun, "and I figured it couldn't be any worse here. And I wanted to get away for the child's sake. Do you like it here, Belle Ann?"

"Yes, I like Texas," the little girl replied and nodded her head in a manner suggesting the curtsey she might have made if standing.

"As soon as I knew you were here, and in the hospital, I thought I would come down," her mother continued. "You must be lonely here, Tom."

"It was nice of you to come, Myra," the sergeant said. "But you must be lonely, too. What do you do with yourself?"

"Oh, I really don't do anything. I spend a lot of time with Belle Ann. Do you know, Tom, she remembers you."

Tom grinned. "You do?" he asked her. The little girl nodded seriously.

"I knew she'd like you. Do you remember high school, Tom? When we walked through the streets and saw all the little children and you used to grin at them and stop and play?"

Tom remembered how Myra used to get impatient. "I'm a little surprised you remember it," he said.

"Oh, I'm really a different person, Tom. Being a mother has taught me a lot. And being a wife. You know, I always remembered the things you used to say. You were right about many things. Belle Ann, pay attention to your food and don't look in the mirror."

"How do you feel in a strange city, Belle Ann?" the sergeant asked.

"It's nice," Belle Ann answered and then hesitated.

"Call me Tom," the sergeant prompted.

"Tom," the little girl concluded and turned her smile down to her plate.

"Do you miss New York, Belle Ann?" the sergeant asked.

"You know," her mother put in, "she has her own play room and a garden, Tom, and I was thinking of getting her a governess. Are you coming back to New York after you're out? Are they giving you a discharge?"

"No, I'm not getting a discharge yet. I don't know exactly when."

Belle Ann sat studying the ribbons on his blouse. Tom looked closely at Myra. She was looking directly across the table into his eyes. Her hair was still the same blonde color, but not as fluffy as he remembered it. She had the small beginning of a second chin. Her flesh was not as fresh and firm as before. But, he thought wryly as he caught a look at his own round, lined face in the mirror, he wasn't far behind her.

He suddenly wondered why he had ever kept up a correspondence with her. They'd always had a teasing, suggestive, half-kidding relationship by mail, even while her husband was alive.

"What are you thinking, Tom?" Myra asked.

"Did you have much trouble coming down?"

"Well, we couldn't get a drawing room, but we managed to get Pullmans. We would have had to wait to get what we wanted." She noticed Tom pause in his eating. "We wanted to get out of the city while it was so hot, you see. Didn't you get a furlough?"

"Well, I was offered one for ten days, but I had barely enough money to get to New York and back, so I didn't come."

"That's a shame, Tom. You should have let me know. If you ever need money. It would have been nice to have you in the house. You could have stayed there, you know."

The little girl already had finished. She sat with her hands clasped lightly in her lap, following the mirrored conversation.

"Do you have to go back to camp tonight, Tom?" Myra asked. "How late can you stay with us?"

"I have to be back tonight. They have bed check. But, if you'll forgive me, Myra, I think I'll go back right after we finish eating. I don't feel good and the doctors told me to hurry back if I ever felt anything unusual."

"Oh," she said. They finished their dessert, and Myra insisted on paying the check. They walked out of the restaurant with Belle Ann holding his hand. He said good-bye, he'd phone tomorrow.

On the bus he thought to himself that being in the Army sometimes is a convenience. He felt guilty because of the long trip they had made. Tomorrow he would call and say he was shipping. He had a touch of regret as he remembered the little girl.

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". . . But then it turned out my discharge was all a mistake." —S/Sgt. David Redfern, Ft. Worth, Texas

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

My Achin' Back

"SIT down, corpril. Smoke if you want to," said the broad-beamed sergeant in the interviewing section of the Ft. Dix Separation Center. "It won't be long before you'll be out.

"What's your name? Gray? I've got your records here some place. Saw 'em just before I went to chow. Yep, here they are. First name Paul. No middle initial. You're a corpril and your serial number is 33265213. Right?

"You've got the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. Nice goin'. Musta been plenty rough over there last winter. We had a helluva lot of snow here, too. Damn near froze my ears off walking a babe home one night. Couldn't get a taxi. How are those French chicks?

"Well, corpril, your records look okay. Take them down to the sergeant in booth 23 and he'll tell you what you've forgotten about being a civilian. Wait a minute—some one forgot to enter on your Form 20 where you got your basic. Where'd you get it?

"What, you've never had basic! Aw, quit your kidding, corpril. Why, hell, I've been shinin' my tail at a desk in the States for three years, and I've had basic trainin' twice.

"Holy Crise, corpril, I can't believe it. You mean to tell me they transferred you out of a supply room at Indiantown Gap right into a hot outfit and shipped you overseas without any basic? Well, I'll be go to hell!

"Hey, Shuey, here's one for the books! This guy has been overseas, won himself all kinds of medals, and never had no basic! Whattya know about that? Maybe we oughta tell the Old Man so he can tip off Public Relations. This would make a helluva good story for the papers. All those medals and no basic. My achin' back!

"What's Major Woods' phone number? . . .

"Hello, Major Woods, this is Sgt. Smith, sir. We just discovered that one of the men who's up for discharge with 97 points never had basic training. Yes sir. That's right, sir. He has the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and the Purple Heart. No sir. He says he was shanghaied out of a supply room and shoved into a hot outfit at Indiantown Gap. Yes sir. I'll tell him, sir.

"The Old Man says for you to stick around, corpril. He's going to call the colonel and the newspapers. Says he never heard anything like it. All those medals, but no basic! My GI back!

"Interviewing section, Sgt. Smith speaking. Yes, major, he's still here. Yes sir. All right, sir.

"You're causing a helluva rumpus, corpril. The Old Man says the colonel just about blew his top when he told him you had all that hardware but no basic training. The colonel's going to call the general. Wanna read a magazine while you're waiting?

"Interviewing Section, Sgt. Smith speaking. Yes, major. Yes sir. It sure is, sir.

"That was the Old Man, corpril. Uh—he says to tell you the colonel says the general says the War Department says they can't discharge you without basic training as long as you have all those medals. They claim it wouldn't look right. Headquarters is to cut orders on you immediately. Sixteen weeks of basic training at Camp Howze.

"My achin' GI back!"

Alaska —Cpl. DICK PEEBLES

Excess Baggage

THE aircrew boys don't argue any more about whether a Lib is a better plane than a Fort. They've got a new argument to kick around the hut: Who is the most important man in an aircrew, pilot or bombardier or navigator or who?

Here's the way it sounds to an outsider:

The pilot is just a truck driver. All he does is set the dials, rev the engines and look glamorous. Then he follows the leader. If he's lead pilot his job is even easier, he just sets the automatic pilot and reads a comic book, letting the lead navigator take the ship there and the lead bombardier take it over the target. The pilot is excess baggage.

The co-pilot reads a check-list on the takeoff, and reads it again on the landing. Once in a while he makes an oxygen check, and the rest of the time he chews the fat with the engineer. The co-pilot is a hitch-hiker.

The navigator keeps his pencils sharpened and fiddles with maps, but all he really does is fill in check points on his log and give the estimated time of arrival. He lets the lead navigator worry. The navigator just comes along for the ride.

The bombardier has no guns to man. He doesn't even take the bomb pins out, the engineer does that. Whenever anybody is in the way, it's the bombardier. The bombardier is ballast and that's about all.

The B-24 engineer went to a B-17 school, and the B-17 engineer got his training at Willow Run. If the engineer knows how to transfer gas in flight, he considers himself an expert. After a few trips he teaches the radioman to do that. The engineer's chief duty is to chew the fat with the co-pilot. The engineer is a stowaway.

The radioman listens to his radio but seldom touches the key. The ground crew has his transmitter all set up for him before he takes off, otherwise he'd be out of luck. If something goes wrong during the flight he says the ground crew forgot to fix it. The radioman is excess baggage.

The tail gunner always forgets his oxygen mask. When he trial-fires his guns, one of them invariably has a mal-function. His chief contribution is to the interphone conversation. He occasionally yells, "Flak at one o'clock!" although he's facing the other direction. If you took off by mistake without the tail gunner he'd never be missed.

The ball-turret gunner needs help getting in and out of his turret. His oxygen supply goes haywire, so he has to ride in the waist. If his oxygen happens to be okay he spins his turret just fast enough to lull himself to sleep. The ball turret gunner is more trouble than he's worth.

The waist gunner's electric suit is usually shorted so he rides huddled up in a corner. He never saw a fighter. Once he thought he saw one, and almost gave it a burst, until someone yelled that it was a P-51. The waist gunner definitely is excess baggage.

The whole aircrew, in fact, is excess baggage.

Truax Field, Wis. —T/Sgt. JOSEPH T. CAPOSSELA



"Boy! He sure got sore when I said I didn't want a shampoo, didn't he?"

—Cpl. Frank R. Robinson, Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

ALWAYS A FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE — NEVER A PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

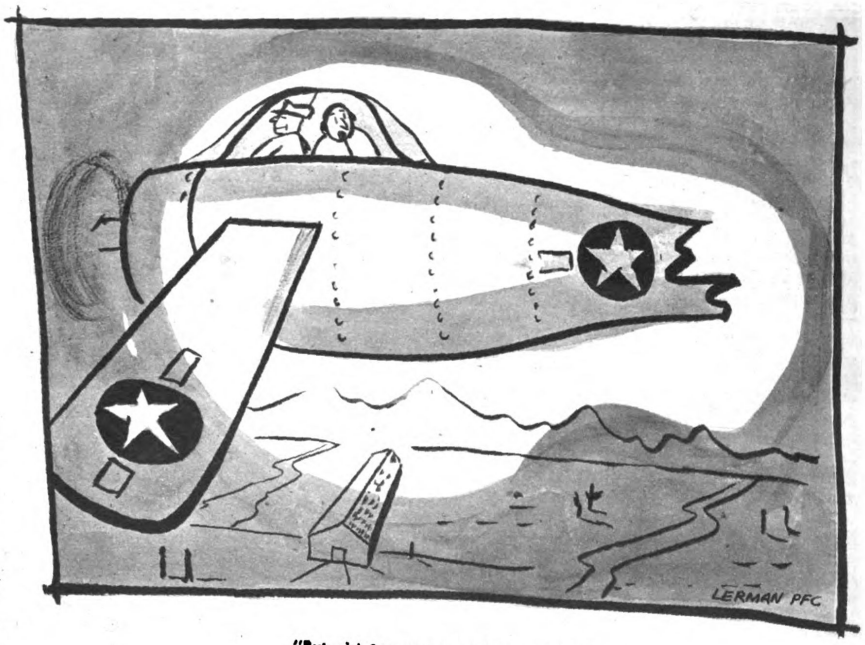
He struggled and sweated through basic,
Taking the worst that they had.
He mastered the gas, grenades and the rest,
And his record on guns wasn't bad
(But the damned galoot never learned to salute,
So promotion he never had).

In Europe our man was splendid:
His record for Nazis was high;
He got every medal for valor,
Was really a rugged guy
(Yet the stupid boor never learned to say "sir,"
So ratings all passed him by).

At home they gave him a party—
The mayor and some of the crowd.
He even inspired the workers,
And the babes around him were proud
(But I must admit, his clothes didn't fit—
Promotion for him: Disallowed).

He was always a first-class private,
Never a private first class.
He had a way with an engine
And he knew his guns and his gas
(But he never could get Army etiquette—
He remains a private, buck-ass).

Camp Gruber, Okla. —Cpl. JACK C. BELL



"But, sir! Are you sure it's camouflage?"

—Pfc. O. S. Lerman, Camp Shanks, N. Y.

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Mayor Angiono takes time out from his official duties to skin and dress a rabbit for his Sunday supper.

MAYOR OF COSSATO

By Sgt. LEN ZINBERG
YANK Staff Correspondent

COSSATO, ITALY—This neat little town of 9,000 people lies at the foot of the mountains, 60 miles west of Milan. The mayor is Pierino Angiono, who spent 15 months in the hills with the Partisans. Everybody calls him by his first name; even the kids say, "Chow, Pierino." He is a new kind of mayor for the town. Before the war the mayors of Cossato were usually rich fascists. Pierino is a farmer and landscape gardener. His wife, Anellina, whom he calls Nellie, is a weaver.

The buildings of Cossato have never been bombed, and until the war was over they saw few, if any, American or British troops. (Even now the sight of a GI or a jeep causes people to stare.) But the people saw plenty of *SS* troops, and in the various streets there are wreaths hanging from the walls, marking the spot where the Germans shot a *"Partigiano,"* or Party-John, as the GIs call a Partisan. Behind the faded wreaths you can still see the marks where new cement fills the bullet holes. Women show you pictures in the lockets they wear around their necks and say: "This is my husband; he was ambushed and shot by the *Tedeschi*"; or, "Here is my son, one of 16 hostages buried in a mass grave. A year later we dug them up. I recognized him by his suit." There isn't any hysteria in their voices, only bitterness. Cossato had long been a center of anti-fascist activity, and when Italy knuckled under completely to the Nazis after the Allied invasion, the men and women of the town took to the hills and became Partisans.

They are proud of their anti-fascist record. They are proud of their Partisan mayor. Ask about Pierino and everybody says that first you must hear about his 23-year-old son, Ermanno, who has become a legendary hero of the region. The story they tell of this youth goes as follows:

A weaver in one of the eight textile mills in town, Ermanno was in the Italian Army when Italy surrendered. He managed to escape the Nazis and return to Cossato. In September 1943, he took to the mountains to organize the first Partisan group there. One night in February 1944 he and two companions came down from the hills to get some fascist spies. An informer had tipped off the Krauts, and 80 Nazis were waiting for Ermanno and his friends at a roadblock. They stopped the car and ordered the three Partisans to get out. The Partisans came out firing.

One Partisan was killed instantly in the rain of machinegun fire that hit out at them. Ermanno had a sub-machinegun, while the other Party-John had a pistol. Although hit in both arms and legs, Ermanno kept firing at the Nazis. When his ammo ran out, he told his friend to try to make a get-away. The friend refused and was killed a few seconds later. The Germans knew Ermanno was out of ammo and wounded, so they advanced cautiously toward him. Raising himself on his shattered arms, he let them have two hand grenades. They retreated, filling Ermanno with machinegun slugs as they did so. He was still alive, but when the Germans were sure he was helpless, they came up close and fired a shot in his ear. He had killed eight Germans and seriously wounded 11 others.

Still in a rage after killing him, the Nazis looted and burned his father's house, machinegunned his chickens and rabbits, and even shot his dog and goat. Fortunately, Pierino and his wife had been warned. They took to the mountains, where they spent 15 hard months. The Germans, hoping Pierino would return for Ermanno's body, left it lying where it fell for three days before they allowed it to be removed.

Life in the hills was difficult, and especially so for a 47-year-old man like Pierino and for his 46-year-old wife. They had little food, clothing or blankets. The hills were full of snow and ice, and the couple had to be on the move all the time. The people of the town smuggled what food they could to the Partisans, but it wasn't much.

"We had little food and nearly a third of us were unarmed," Pierino recalled. "The British dropped some arms to us, but not as much as we needed. We like to hunt, but we had to weigh each bullet carefully—shall we use it for a rabbit and eat, or shall we shoot a fascist?

"German troops and local fascists would come into the mountains after us. It was rough country and we knew our way about in it very well. The enemy would come up the mountain, and in the night we would slip through their lines and come down to attack their flank. Such expeditions were costly to the Nazis, and decidedly not popular with their troops. It was a terrible life, especially in the winter. Once we carried a big printing press up into the hills, lugging the parts up on mules and on our backs. We printed one issue of a Partisan paper, but then the Germans came up with mortars and blew our press sky high. All that work—one issue."

Mayor Angiono is sorry the Allies moved into the area around Cossato so fast. "They disarmed us before we had a chance to shoot all the fascists," he said. "Nobody can understand why the Allies leave them alone now. Fighting the fascists is like killing snakes, you must be on guard at all times."

The people of this little town really gave the Nazis a rough time. Beside the Partisans, they were organized also into two other groups. The *Squadra Azione Patriottica* was made up of factory workers. Its members kept watch at the mills to see that the Krauts didn't take any of the machines, or blow up the factories, as they retreated. The *Gruppo Asalto Patriottico* was a nightmare for the local fascists. Made up of small, highly secretive groups composed mainly of women, it spied on the fascists and acted as a kind of cov[illegible] intelligence outfit for the Party-



The town of Cossato looks sleepy in the sun. The Alps can be seen pushing away clouds in the distance

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Johns. Once a local fascist was known to be aiding the Nazis, the Partisans would slip quietly into town at night, take him to the hills, give him a trial and kill him if they found him guilty. These trials weren't routine affairs, the Partisans say. The evidence was honestly and carefully weighed, and often a man was released with a warning to watch his step.

In April of 1945, Pierino and his wife returned to Cossato. They were both thin and sickly looking. The Committee of National Liberation (CNL), composed of all political parties, elected two men from each party to act as a town council. They, in turn, chose Pierino to be their mayor pending the holding of a regular election. To show their gratitude to Pierino, the people of the town built a new house on the site of his old one, and gave him a new stock of chickens and rabbits. Pierino already had a new dog—one that the Germans had tried to use in the mountains to hunt Partisans.

Pierino is plenty worried these days. Cossato depends upon the mills for its livelihood, and there is a terrific shortage of raw materials, ordinarily imported from America or England. The CNL has made an agreement with the factory owners by which all workers share what work there is. In a kind of labor-management deal, the workers in the mills have elected a group of representatives, which discusses community problems with the factory owners and the mayor.

Under Pierino's guidance, the schools are reopening this fall, with the ultra-fascist teachers removed. He has built up a community fund which gives free food, clothing and medical care to the poor. The fund is very small, and the job of keeping the money coming in is turning Pierino's thin hair gray. To combat inflation and the black market, Cossato uses a barter system. Once Pierino and his committee have decided what the town will need in the way of food, soap, etc., they take their money to the mills and buy cloth at wholesale prices. Then they go to the surrounding towns, which have the necessary foodstuffs, and barter their cloth for what they need.

This sounds simple, but it involves a lot of red tape. For example, it was decided that the people would need at least 20,000 *quintale* of wood for the coming winter. The community fund was low, so Pierino arranged a meeting of the storekeepers and talked them into giving the necessary dough. Then he had to scout around the country till he found the wood. Next he had to get the approval of the *prefetto*, a sort of county head, to transport the wood from one province to the next. Since there is a shortage of transportation, the people in the area have a cooperative motor pool, and the *prefetto* handles priorities covering the use of the vehicles. If the *prefetto* approves the use of the trucks to haul wood, he must then himself get an okay for gas for the trucks from AMG. According to the plan, the wood will be given to the needy, and sold to those who can afford to pay.

Pierino doesn't receive a salary, and must work his farm to eat. When people can't find him at the city hall, they talk to him as he is tending his field. A farmer may merely ask his advice about some crop, or a woman with five children may complain that her husband's salary is insufficient to feed them all. (Wages in Cossato have been increased, but are far behind the soaring prices. Everytime a wage increase is announced, prices go up twice as high.)

In the case of the woman, Pierino may, after listening to her story, give her a note to the community storehouse entitling her to food and clothing. He arranges the mass funerals for Partisans whose bodies are found in the hills and returned to Cossato. He listens to family troubles.

One man angrily asked why the town had erected a tombstone over the grave of his daughter. It seems he had not been on speaking terms with the girl and when she died had decided not to put a stone on her grave. But, he said, if anybody was going to put up a stone, he, as the father, certainly should have that right.

In a sense, the problems of little Cossato are the problems of all Italy. Pierino doesn't profess to know all the answers, but he has some ideas. "We want to see Italy reconstructed, physically and economically," he said, "but not for the benefit of the industrialists and the rich who supported Mussolini. This time Italy must be rebuilt for the people. It is the people who have suffered and who will do the reconstruction.

"We don't want a revolution or civil war; we will do everything possible to avoid them. We expect to achieve a democratic Italy by means of free elections. We are tired of fighting, but if the fascists ever attempt an armed opposition to the people, the people will not allow it. We neither want, nor can stand, a repetition of the last 25 years of misery."

Pierino is bitter about the Nazis, but doesn't want German labor gangs in Italy. Italy, he says, has seen too much of the Germans. He doesn't think the Germans should be starved, or that any thought of vengeance should enter into Allied treatment of them. The Germans must be allowed to work and live, he says, but German industry and education must be taken over, so that Nazism will never have a chance to start up again.

The Mayor of Cossato, although grateful to the Allies for liberating Italy from fascism, thinks the best service we could do the Italians now would be to get out of Italy.

"Italy must help its poor people, and at the same time rebuild the many cities and villages that have been damaged by war," he said. "For this we need a Government building program, and raw materials." Pierino stopped and shrugged his thin shoulders.

"That takes money," he went on, "and the Government has none. The only people with money are those who made it under Mussolini. Since the money must be had, these people must either make a gift of it to the Government—which they won't do—or be taxed. If everybody in Italy were taxed a fair percentage of his money, we would have the funds. The raw materials will have to come from outside Italy.

"But the Allies will not allow a tax until an election is held. This is only just. So far, the Allies have postponed the elections. This is done for reasons they know best, but those who were the 'big people' under fascism are taking advantage of the delay to spread lies. These 'big people' hope to split the people and spread chaos. In this way they hope either to win the elections or, if the elections are postponed long enough, to create minor disturbances. In the event of disturbances they will say to the Allies, 'Italy cannot govern itself. You step in and run things.'

"Italy can govern itself. Italians can have a free, democratic country, to which Americans will never have to return as soldiers. But we must start now."

Cossato is a friendly town. Nobody begs, the kids are clean and polite, you don't see any sores or scabbies. The houses are old but sturdy, and around each house there are trees with big pears, peaches and apples. There are fields of corn, and in some barns there are chickens and rabbits and sometimes a cow. Not far away, in little valleys between the hills, stand the mills. At a glance Cossato seems the happy blend of farm and factory life. But unless those mills start working, unless the people get more food and clothing, Cossato will be in a bad way.

Unlike some of the war-weary people of other parts of Italy, the people here have plenty of spirit. They have a sense of humor, too. One man, on smoking his first American cigarette, said, "That damn fool, Mussolini—he had to make war on cigarettes like these!"

Now that peace is here, Cossato is trying hard to get a decent way of living. It's a slow, hard job, but the thin, serious-faced little landscape gardener, Pierino Angiono, Mayor of Cossato, is putting his heart into it.

In Pierino Angiono, former Partisan fighter, the people of the little town of Cossato have one of themselves to lead them through the problems facing all Italy today. He finds it a slow, hard job.



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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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This Week's Cover

FOUR of the GI atom-bomb workers at Oak Ridge, Tenn., take things easy at their area PX. They are (left to right) T-4 Tilden Batchelder, T-4 Dan Simon, T-5 Lester Bartron and T-5 William Lake. See pages 2-5 for more photographs by YANK's Sgt. Dick Hanley and the story of this Oak Ridge detail.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Dick Hanley. 2 through 5—Sgt. Hanley. 6—Acme. 8 & 9—Acme. 12—Upper right, Sig. Corps; rest, Acme. 13—Upper left and right, Sig. Corps; center, Wide World; rest, Acme. 16 & 17—Sgt. Nelson Gruppo. 20—RKO-Radio. 21—U. S. Navy. 22—Sgt. Pat Coffey. 23—PA.

Forgotten by the Brass

Dear YANK:

Our organization has been on the Stilwell Road for more than two years, and much of that time was spent driving the point through swamps and jungles. At times it was necessary to air-drop food, fuel and medical supplies, especially when we opened the trail from Warazup to Mogaung and Myitkyina to enable tanks to reach the fighting front. Adverse weather and living conditions exposed the men to sickness and injuries. Some of them will be handicapped for life. The mission completed, there was much fanfare and ballyhoo and pictures were flashed the world over.

Then came the recommendations for awards to the real heroes of the struggle. These recommendations were submitted prior to VE-Day and that extra five points could have been used to good advantage by many men who missed rotation by one month.

The brass who were familiar with our achievements jumped a plane for Shangri-La without giving favorable consideration to these recommendations, and consequently an unfavorable indorsement from next-highest Headquarters, dated 22 August 1945, was received, stating that three officers familiar with the facts should approve and add more pertinent data. Road Headquarters was disbanded 1 July 1945 and there is no one to help these men receive their just awards.

If the paper weights have too much work to attend to such matters, they should go on 24-hour operations, as the engineer units did while building the road. The brass made sure their awards came through and they ranged from Distinguished Service Medals down, but the men—ah, why do they need a medal?

Please excuse my nosing in on the GIs' publication, but it's the only way I know to put across this point. The awards should be given consideration, but we are hog-tied. As I have a little tin on my shoulders, it is requested that the name be withheld if my gripe finds its way into your publication.

Burma, India —(Officer's Name Withheld)

Discharge Clothes

Dear YANK:

Everyone is raving about doing things for the boys who are returning to civilian life, yet the War Department seems to persist in doing the opposite.

The discharged men have to turn in all of their clothing, some of which would be useful to them, especially fellows like myself who either sold or outgrew the clothes they had. I don't know about other posts, but at Fort Lewis, the men can keep one sun-tan outfit, one OD outfit, including blouse, and a choice of raincoat or overcoat.

To me, the blouse is useless and I don't care if I never see it again. The ODs are in the same class. The sun-tans and field jackets are things most of us can use at any time, being well made and adaptable to civilian life.

How about a campaign to let discharged men keep what clothes they have and only turn in what each individual wants to get rid of?

—T/5 WILLIAM VANDERCLOCK
Ft. Lewis, Wash.

Postwar Courses

Dear YANK:

As it stands, the GI Bill of Rights offers splendid educational opportunities for those in a position to take advantage of it. However, many of us will be unable to continue formal education for such legitimate reasons as going businesses, age, dependency, obligations, etc.

Why not extend Armed Forces Institute privileges on a cost basis to the veteran who cannot or chooses not to go back to college?

Iwo Jima —S/Sgt. B. W. FARRELL

GI Wolves

Dear YANK:

I am indignant!

No woman will want to marry a GI that returns from occupying either Germany or Japan if you keep writing the tripe that you do about fraternization of our troops with the women of those countries.

The "cute" way that you present the goings-on of our men infers that all of them are merely interested in the sexual pleasure of occupation—not in seeing that the machines of war are destroyed and that Japs or Germans conform to our rules and regulations. You make all American men appear as a personification of Sansone's clever but repulsive and unscrupulous "Wolf."

I believe the American doughboy is quite the "lady killer," but why encourage him to be immoral with stories of how to conduct himself around Geisha girls and frauleins to obtain the desired results?

What decent American woman will want to marry a GI who—just because the "big boys" do, and think it is smart—thinks so little of himself that he enters into "romances" with women he would be ashamed to walk down Main Street with if he were home?

Why not soft-pedal such conduct, and interest our men in more worthy and important things?

Camp Robinson, Ark. —T-5 RUTH BEAL

Military Courts

Dear YANK:

I should like to suggest some changes in the Articles of War and other punitive military regulations which are required for the protection of enlisted men against unfair or arbitrary actions of officers. Some of the more obvious amendments should be the following:

1) EM shall be tried by a court consisting of EM only. At the least, a mixed court of officers and enlisted men should sit in such cases.

2) No officer on the command staff of a base or other station shall sit on a court martial.

3) No officer connected in any way whatsoever with the bringing of charges or preparation of the charge sheet shall act as a summary court to try men.

4) Rights of military personnel shall be fully explained to them in each reading of the Articles of War. AW 17 (accused's right to counsel of his own selection), AW 24 (privilege against self-incrimination), AWs 69 and 70 (limitations upon arrest and confinement and rapid action upon charges), AW 104 (limited disciplinary powers of CO) and AW 121 (right to complain of grievances directly to Commanding General) shall be required to be read and fully explained.

5) No man shall be reduced in rank by administrative action without having first been fully informed of the charges against him and having been given the opportunity to defend himself. Individual counsel familiar with military rules and regulations shall be available to represent such men.

I regret that there is insufficient space in a letter to elaborate on these points. Nevertheless these amendments should provide some basis for an even break for the enlisted man.

India —Cpl. HERBERT ROBINSON

Unit Citation

Dear YANK:

The men here in the Air Transport Command would like to know what it takes to earn a Unit Citation. During the Okinawa campaign we were flying supplies to the men of the Tenth Army as fast as they were using them. At times we were only one plane-load of mortar shells ahead of them, and they were using a hell of a lot of mortar shells. During a one-month period of the campaign, the base units along the line evacuated more than 2,000 wounded men, the all-time record for air evacuation in this war. When the campaign was over, a lot of brass did a lot of talking, but that is as far as it ever got. Our work was soon forgotten.

On this same island is a B-29 outfit that got a Unit Citation for the first low-level bombing of Japan. Many of us in the ground crews of the Air Transport Command are personally acquainted with some of the men of the ground crews of that outfit, having gone to technical schools with them two or three years ago. Though we have been overseas from six months to a year more than many of them, we are not fortunate enough to sport battle stars for our work, as they are, and many of them have three or four battle stars to their credit, in addition to the Unit Citation. We are doing exactly the same jobs as they are, but on a different type of aircraft. We, of course, want to see them get full credit for their work, but because ours is considered a "non-combatant" outfit we are left out in the cold when it comes to passing out the fruit salad.

Many of the men in this base unit were here when this was considered a



"Here's the major's plan: we break out through Waukegan, fan out all over the Middle West, and blanket the area with Squeegie Mops!" —Sgt. Tom Flannery

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retty "hot" rock, and they set up the acilities that enabled the men in the combat" outfits to be flown in so they ould begin operations. We realize that he Air Transport Command is consid-ered a bastard cousin of the Air Forces, but why must it be that way? We think we are the forgotten men of the Air Forces and we wonder why.

Guam —Pfc. HAROLD A. STEVENS

Nearer Home

Dear YANK:

There are a number of boys from Hawaii who are stationed in the States. Now that it is all over why not transfer these men to duty in the Hawaiian Islands? Such a deal would release



many Stateside boys who are stationed in Hawaii and who are just as eager as we are to be stationed closer to home.

While the boys from the States were getting their regular semi-annual furlough home we were receiving TS slips because of the distance to our homes. But that's water under the bridge.

This Kanaka is getting a little homesick for Waikiki Beach and the hula gals.

—Cpl. RICHARD MATSUDA

Camp Fannin, Tex.

Inflation

Dear YANK:

I am the wife of a sergeant who has had the extreme good fortune to be stationed in the United States during the entire course of this war.

As a result, we have been together and have lived, for the most part, as civilians. Therefore, we have had access to—in fact, could hardly avoid—the many articles, advertisements, editorials, etc., on the subject of inflation. We're scared to death of it and have cooperated with every Government step which affects us to avoid it.

We were a little taken back when talking to a Combat Infantryman back from Germany to learn that the OPA meant nothing more to him than some Government agency that tried to interfere with people's personal business transactions.

He, on his part, was floored when we told him we had refused an offer of $1,000 cash for our '38 Buick sedan. "Why should the OPA need to know anything about it?" says he.

Since then, we've had our ears tuned to similar sentiment among other returnees. My husband is stationed at a place where he has frequent contact with veterans of all theaters of operation.

These men, unless old enough to remember what happened after the last war, are in almost complete ignorance of what inflation is and what brings it about.

A great many of these same men have saved a lot of money during the war. Now they want to get rid of it fast. Cars are only the beginning of a long list of expensive and often completely unnecessary purchases.

We read YANK straight through every week. The articles on life in the U.S.A. are most interesting. Wouldn't one on inflation fit us there? But truly, we wouldn't care if you put it with the Sad Sack, just so these GIs see and absorb it.

Washington —A GI WIFE

■ The danger of inflated post-war prices, as seen by some Government officials, was discussed in a recent YANK article called "Preview U.S.A."

Hitting the Sack

Dear YANK:

Give Sad Sack some extra points for his faithful service and turn him loose in civilian pastures.

Most men in the Army are overseas or have been. A good many have seen quite a bit of combat. And even more have been plugging away at some damn tough jobs. No soldier wants to see himself idealized into a Katzenjammer character whose favorite stunt is a pratt-fall. That was OK when post MPs, the rigors of KP, first sergeants and close-order drill made humorous material. Soldiers look, act and think more like Mauldin's Joe & Willie than Mickey Mouse. If the Sack doesn't stop being one some day, he'll be arrested for attempting to impersonate a soldier.

Sioux Falls, S. D. —1st Lt. M. S. HEYMAN

Combat Training

Dear YANK:

We have finished our 17 weeks of basic training. Good enough, we didn't mind that at all. Then they send us down here for this so-called "advanced training." It's the same that we had in our first 17 weeks. Why do we have to take it over again? We want to go overseas and take the place of some of the men that have been over so long, or else get out and go back to school.

—Pvt. LEONDIS C. MIXON*

Camp Livingston, La.

*Also signed by two others.

SHORT MEMORIES & NICE PEOPLE

IN 1935, in the period of comparative quiet between World War I and World War II, an advertisement appeared. Its illustration was a wounded, disabled veteran. Its caption was "Hello, Sucker."

The text of the advertisement went on to explain the shocking waste of World War I and how little all the struggle had accomplished in spite of the high ideals of the cheering section. "Hello, Sucker" seemed a brutal thing to say, but when you got through reading the ad, and thinking about it, the tag seemed quite appropriate.

There is a danger that the double of that advertisement might appear in 1962 to be just as true of World War II. It is a danger that is being spotlighted increasingly every day in newspaper reports and word-of-mouth stories from Germany and Japan. It is a danger we can avert only if all of us—the soldiers of this war and no less the officers—wise up and wise up quickly.

The reports from Germany, in a paper as unsensational and correct as the New York *Times*, tell of incidents like this:

> An American general (later kicked backstairs) stated that 95 per cent of the members of the Nazi Party were forced into the party against their will.
>
> An American major in Munich said that he didn't believe all those stories about atrocities in the nearby concentration camp at Dachau.
>
> U. S. enlisted men have decided that the cleanliness and friendliness and efficient plumbing of the Germans are irrefutable evidence that the Germans are nicer people, "more like us" than the Frogs or even the Limeys.

An enlisted man just back from Japan, a GI who had pretty strong feelings about the importance of the war, reports the following disillusionment:

> Many GIs, even GIs who had fought from Guadal on, are quick to forget their dead, and why their dead died, in the face of Japanese correctness and cooperation in surrender, and the pretty faces of Jap girls.
>
> A feeling is growing up that the Japs are a fairly decent, efficient and Westernized people for the Orient, probably much nicer and more like us than the Slopeheads.

It begins to look as if "Hello, Sucker" is a label quite a few of us could wear already.

There are things we are forgetting, things we will have to remember if that label is not to be stamped indelibly on all of us. Gen. Eisenhower, for one, has recognized the danger in his repeated directives to his subordinates in military government, reminding them of the terms under which Germany surrendered and of our obligations as victors to the ideals for which we fought.

We must remember that the general who analyzed Nazi percentages, although a good general in war, evidently never studied his history lessons beyond the military sections and that, whatever he may think, it did take millions of *willing* Nazis to arm Germany for war—millions of *willing* Nazis to inflict, in that war, 700,000 casualties on American troops. And it is frivolous and dangerous for anyone of any rank to compare the political tactics of these Nazis to a Democrat-Republican squabble back in the U. S.

We must remember that the major in Munich was lazy physically as well as mentally; it would have taken him only a short ride to visit Dachau and to see, by evidence still available, that the atrocities there were no pipe dream. Or he could have asked the GIs who first liberated Dachau. After they had puked a few times, their only impulse was to slug any German who had anything to do with the Nazi Party.

The GIs who think cockeyed and rosy thoughts about the Germans are not a majority and may not even be entirely to blame for their own thinking. If their leaders are sometimes confused and contradictory, it is difficult to blame the men. Rules laid down to insure a hard and just peace are often broken by the very officers supposed to enforce them.

If soldiers have forgotten the reasons for this war, they must be reminded of them. If they fought only in the sudden hate of battle, they must remember that the ending of that hate does not mean a complete turnabout, an excusing and apologizing to their late enemies. Fraternization is natural, but it is possible for an American soldier to fraternize without being played for a sucker, to mingle with Germans without swallowing all their opinions, to treat Germans as human beings without treating them as unfairly beaten supermen.

A concentration camp cancels a clean bathroom, and attempted mass extermination of a race overbalances a sunny disposition. The Nazis had been living on the loot of a continent for years, while the Frogs and Limeys were nursing their wounds and living on not much more than the hope of making that continent free again.

The GIs in Japan who are misguided about the Japs present the same problem as the misguided GIs in Germany. They, too, must wise up. They must learn that we need more insurance than an explosion in New Mexico to save our children for peace. Perhaps they may remember friends who died and how they died and friends who were captured and how they were treated.

We must remember, for those who cannot or will not remember, that the pleasant Westernization of the Japs was a meaningless veneer on an old and cruel and internationally unmoral state. The cute tricks the Jap learned from the West, brewed in his undeveloped, not-yet-ready mind, exploded before Pearl Harbor in Manchuria and China and will explode again unless some drastic changes are made in Japan's attitude toward the rest of the world. The Jap is going to be even harder to re-educate than ourselves.

WE must remember all these things not just on Memorial Day or on Sundays, but all the time. Unless we remember them, unless we are prepared to work for peace as hard as we worked for war, the "Sucker" sign is going to be back.

We don't have to be brutal conquerors, but we do have to avoid a sentimental good fellowship with the people who started World War II. There will be time for that when they have proved their worthiness and, for most of them, the proving will take some time. We do not need to, we must not "compromise with the devil."

Because if ever people can point at us again and say with justice, "Hello, Sucker," it will be our own fault. Our own bloody fault.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of YANK, The Army Weekly, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1945.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Summary Court officer, U. S. Army, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Officer in Charge of YANK, The Army Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, YANK, The Army Weekly, Information & Education Division, War Department, Special Staff, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Business Manager, Maj. Gerald J. Rock, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

War Department, U. S. Government, Washington, D. C., Col. Franklin S. Forsberg, Officer in Charge.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

FRANKLIN S. FORSBERG, Col., A.U.S.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1945.

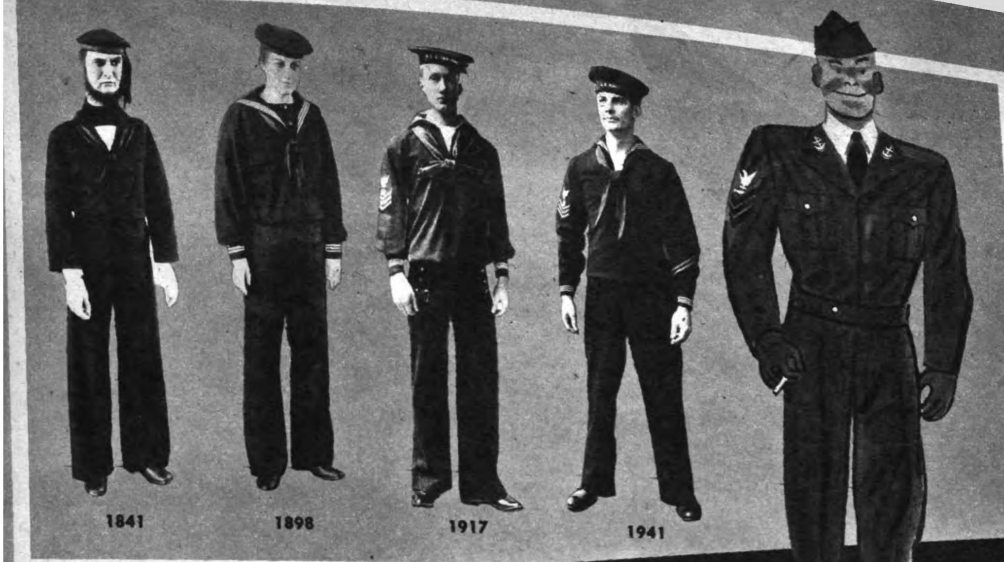
[SEAL]

WILLIAM F. POLK, Major, Inf.

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Navy Notes

FAREWELL TO BELL BOTTOMS

Will sailors wear this in 1946?

By DONALD NUGENT Sp(X)3c
YANK Navy Editor

THE bell bottoms on regular-issue Navy trousers are too slight to be noticeable. But the phrase "bell-bottom trousers" persists in songs and newspaper headlines as a symbol of the sailor's whole uniform.

The latest word on the bell bottoms is that they will be discontinued as soon as the present supply is exhausted. Samples and plates of a new uniform are being sent to the fleet commanders for approval. Just when it actually will be issued has not yet been announced, but presumably it will be too late to affect the appearance and comfort of millions of present-day sailors who will not be part of the postwar Navy.

In the new uniform, says the Navy, "tight pants and middy blouses are going into the ashcan." Probably with them will go the term "bell bottom."

So will end an era of over 100 years that has seen no major change in the uniform of the Navy enlisted man—an era in which nearly everything else in the Navy has been changed.

Six months ago, the *Pelican*, newspaper of the New Orleans Naval Repair Base, suggested a new uniform along the lines of the battle jacket and fore-and-aft pants. YANK's Navy Department passed the suggestion on to its readers, with drawings, and asked for opinions. After a few thousand opinions arrived, YANK altered the drawings according to suggestions received and published the results. Before the correspondence had ceased, over 7,000 Navy men had written in, about 90 percent highly desirous of a change. Most were in favor of the battle jacket. All wanted a serge or other harder material—even the 10 percent who liked the present uniform.

The pictures on this page represent the uniform as it has developed over the years, and also show the uniform proposed by the *Pelican* and altered by the suggestions of YANK Navy readers.

Probably the first reference in history to a naval uniform came at the time of the Roman invasion, when the term "uniform of the day" was originated. The Veneti put to sea from the Loire River in speedy longboats. Their sails and their uniforms were colored light blue, but the object was to camouflage themselves against a light blue sky rather than to establish a regulation uniform.

Before the American Revolution, even the British had no naval uniform. The French were reported to have had uniforms, which caused considerable agitation in the British Admiralty. Most of the British officers bitterly opposed the idea on the grounds that it was a gentleman's privilege to select his own suit and not be required to wear the "yoke of a livery" or look like "lackeys and equerries."

These officers met regularly in Will's Coffee House, Scotland Yard, and in 1754 they passed a resolution that a uniform dress would be useful and necessary for commissioned officers. They then resolved that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Duke of Bedford and the Admiralty and, if their Lordships approved, to introduce the proposal to His Majesty, George II. Many protested the resolution. They wanted the proposed uniform to be used only on State occasions.

Designs and colors were discussed at length. Scarlet and blue, as worn by the Army, were favored by most of the officers. But Bedford told them that the king had been taken with the Duchess of Bedford's riding habit, which was blue faced with white, and had then and there appointed blue and white the colors for the Navy.

The first British uniform was ordered by the Admiralty in 1748 for flag officers, captains, masters and lieutenants. It was immediately extended to midshipmen "to distinguish their class to be in the rank of gentleman." A uniform for the crew was not designed until 1857. The American Navy had a seaman's uniform as early as 1830.

CLOTHING was issued to the crews of British ships in the 17th century by the Crown. The object was not, however, to create a uniform appearance but "to avoid nastie beastliness by diseases and unwholesome ill smells in the ship." It was up to the captain to order any clothing he saw fit. Otherwise the men bought their own. An ad in a newspaper of the time read:

> MORGAN—MERCER AND SEA DRAPER.
> No. 85, opposite the Fountain Inn, High Street.
> Sailors rigged compleat from stem to stern; viz.: chapeau, napeau, flying jib and flesh bag, inner pea, outer pea and cold defender. Rudder case and service to the same; up-haulers, down-traders, fore-shoes, lacings, gaskets, etc.

In the United States, after the Revolutionary War, the Marine Committee resolved a red-and-gold uniform for naval officers that was so magnificent it was seldom worn. U. S. skippers were a hardy lot. They disliked such frippery.

When Capt. Stephen Decatur, commanding the American frigate *United States*, captured the British frigate *Macedonian*, he was wearing an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes which made him look more like a farmer than a naval hero. But when the crew returned to New York and the city divided $50,000 among them as a prize, newspaper accounts said that many of them were buying new uniforms consisting of blue jackets, red waistcoats, black neckerchiefs, glazed hats and blue trousers.

In the famous battle between the American *Bonhomme Richard* and the British *Serapis*, the crew of American skipper John Paul Jones' ship consisted of a motley assortment of some 20 nationalities wearing as many different kinds of clothes.

During the early years of the U. S. Navy the uniform of crews seems to have been a rather uncertain thing. But by 1841 it had become standardized into the form which it has kept, with minor variations, for a hundred years.

The 1841 general order for the uniform for petty officers, firemen, coal-heavers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen and boys called for a blue jacket with white-duck cuffs and white-duck collar, and blue trousers, with trap door, for winter; a white jacket with blue-cotton collar and cuffs, and white trousers for summer. The hat was the blue, flat type, smaller than now and with the ribbon of the bow hanging down to the shoulder. Aside from the white collar and cuffs, the 1841 uniform resembled the present one more than those of later years. The most noticeable difference was that jumpers were tucked inside the trousers and neckerchiefs were loosely rolled and spread all over. It became customary only recently to press them.

Hair, beard and whiskers were also included in the 1841 order. The hair and beard were to be kept short. The whiskers should not descend more than two inches below the tip of the ear and thence in a line toward the corners of the mouth. Mustaches and Imperials could not be worn on any pretext whatever.

THE name of the ship, lettered in gold on the flat-hat ribbon, appeared around 1869. So did the stripes around the cuff. Landsmen, coal-heavers and boys wore one stripe; ordinary seamen and second class firemen, two stripes; seamen, three stripes; petty officers, four stripes. Designating letters were worn on the lower sleeve: "A" for apprentices, "W" for ship's writers and "S" for ship's schoolmasters. Watch stripes were worn one inch below the shoulder seam—one stripe for the first section of the watch and two stripes for the second section—on the right sleeve for the starboard and left for port.

By 1905 the jumper was bloused and tied at the bottom, and was spacious enough to carry a litter of pups. The flat hat was almost wide enough to require removal before passing through a small port. The dress blues were not altered again until 1927, when they were made more form-fitting. The collar, so large that it extended a bit beyond the shoulders, was decreased to its present size. In the last few years the jumper was cut short and hemmed, instead of being bloused and tied with a drawstring.

There are always those who cry out at the suggestion of change, especially in anything so inviolable as a military uniform which may be called picturesque. The British Navy attempted some reforms in 1921 which brought one Col. Barwell of the Army to full cry. "The uniforms of both the Army and the Navy are again the subject of reform, not to say of interference," exclaimed the colonel. "I notice the most picturesque costume of the Navy is to be done away with and the least picturesque one is to be retained."

Now the New York *Times*, somewhat unhappily, calls it heresy to change from bell-bottom pants and 13 buttons. The *Times* asks whether any one ever wrote a song about straight-hanging trousers, declares that it favors flowing beards and shoulder-length haircuts and chides the admirals for their betrayal of the gallant and picturesque.

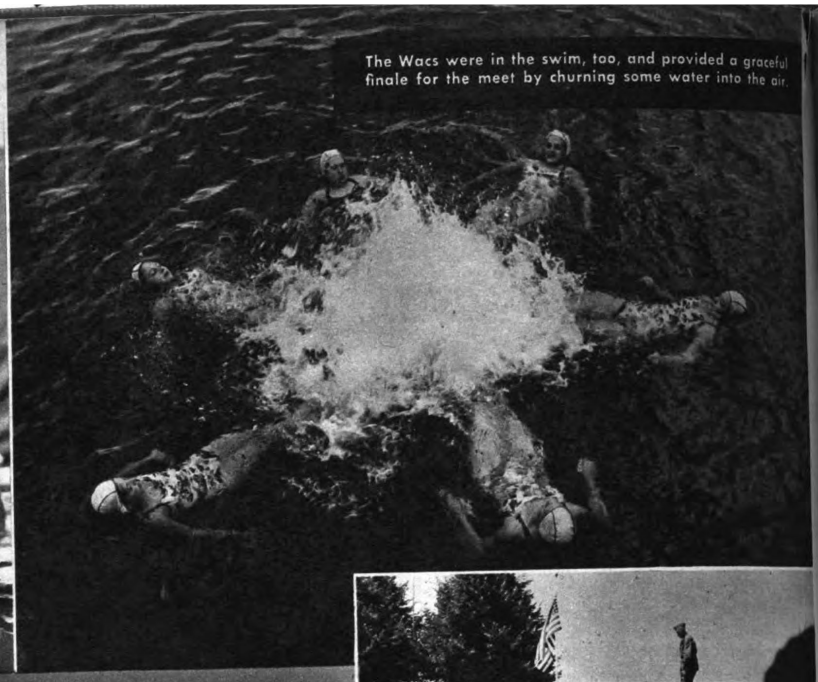
But most of those who have written their opinions to YANK are willing to forego the songs and the tradition and the beards. They would rather have a few pockets and some breathing space.

AMONG the many prospects in the long-ago search for Scarlett O'Hara was a Southern belle from Brooklyn named Edythe Marrener Barker. She didn't make the GWTW cast, but she did stay in Hollywood, where she managed to carve a considerable niche for her sultry self as Susan Hayward. Her latest for RKO-Radio is "Deadline At Dawn." Susan is 5 feet 3, weighs 108, has brown eyes, titian hair.

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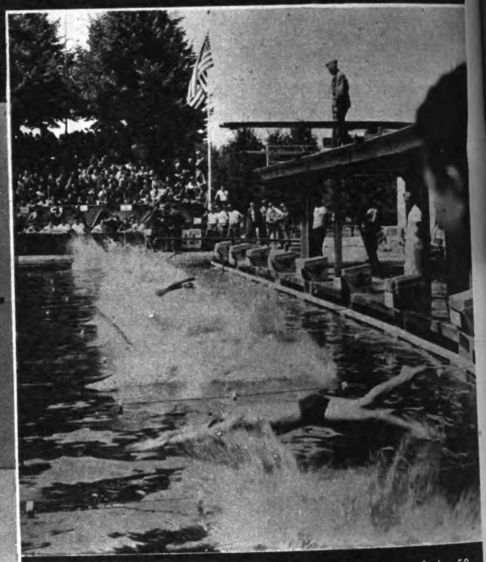
The championships took place in a drizzling rain, but it didn't wash out these two GI announcers.



The Wacs were in the swim, too, and provided a graceful finale for the meet by churning some water into the air.

Nuremberg Swim Meet

One of the few structures left intact in Nuremberg was the Nazi stadium. It was used recently for ETO swimming championships. YANK's Sgt. Pat Coffey took the pictures.



The swimmers dive into the pool at the start of the 50-meter free-style race, an event won by Capt. Charles Barker.



The meet got under way after the national anthem was played. The Seventh Army beat USSTAF for the title.

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DURABLE LOUIS

SPORTS

By Sgt. FRANK De BLOIS


LOU ZAMPERINI

THE full story of Lou Zamperini's war with Japan probably will never be told. There were parts of it—the 47 days in an open boat, the delirium of wasting starvation and heat, the long, horror-filled months in four Jap prison camps, the sadistic genius of his captors — which he can no longer put into words because they are hidden forever behind a dull blanket of pain in his brain.

But most of the story Zamperini knows and will tell. And some of the rest of it will come out—eventually—from other sources, from some of the men who went through a part of the monstrous adventure with him, from his family, his friends, and from the Japs. And when you piece it together you may find that Zamperini's story is one of the most incredible of the entire war.

In 1936, Lou Zamperini was a schoolboy running against grown men for a place on the U. S. Olympic 4,000-meter relay team. He made the team by beating Don Lash, the Indiana state policeman who was our best distance runner in those years. In the Olympic finals—run in Germany—he finished eighth, beating Lash again, and later, in a moment of whimsey, he climbed atop a flagpole in Adolf Hitler's *Sportspalatz* and removed a swastika as a souvenir. This last bit of horseplay won him a chiding from the AAU.

After the Olympics, Zamperini came home to the U.S.A., ran some more races, including a 4:07 mile, graduated from the University of Southern California, and entered the Army. He earned his bars in 1942 and shortly thereafter shipped out to Hawaii in a B-24.

On May 27, 1943, he took off in a B-24 from Kualoa Airport on Oahu in a routine search for a B-25 reported down somewhere west of Palmyra. It took him 28 months to return from that mission.

At two o'clock that afternoon, Zamperini's plane —with crew of 10, including Lt. Russell Phillips, of Princeton, Ind., the pilot—reached the area where the B-25 had gone down. Zamperini, the navigator, told the crew to look around for the downed bomber, and then — suddenly — it happened. There was a jolt, the engines stopped and the plane nosed into the sea.

There was a soul-curdling hiss of water through the cabin and then a blast that tore the plane in half. Zamperini recovered consciousness minutes later and found himself 40 feet underwater, his body pinned beneath a machinegun mount. With one free arm he pushed the mount from him, inflated his Mae West life preserver, smashed his fist through a window, and shot through the boiling sea to the surface.

There he spotted two rafts and saw Lt. Phillips and Red McIntyre, the tail gunner, struggling in the water. Zamperini lashed the rafts together, hauled Phillips and McIntyre aboard and went to work on a great triangular cut in the pilot's head.

That's what happened during the first few moments of the 47 days Zamperini, McIntyre and Phillips were to spend at sea in an ordeal surpassing in endurance most "open boat" stories in fact or fiction.

Rations in the rafts consisted of six pounds of chocolate and enough water to last the three men two days. After that they ate nothing but two small fish they caught, the liver of a two-and-a-half-foot shark, three small birds and four albatrosses which lit on the rafts to rest. From then on they hungered, thirsted and suffered until their upper lips pressed against their noses and their lower lips were raw welts hanging slack "like the under lips of an African savage."

According to Robert Trumbull, New York *Times* reporter to whom Zamperini told his story, the three men hit upon a simple diversion to keep them sane during the 47-day ordeal.

"I made up imaginary meals which I 'cooked' and 'served' to Phillips and McIntyre three times a day," Zamperini said. "Every day I prepared a menu for each imaginary meal—breakfast, dinner, supper—describing the preparations for each ingredient. They would ask me, 'Well, what are we going to have for lunch today?' and I'd go on with the little play as if it were real. It helped to keep us cheerful."

After 20 days at sea, Phillips' head compress began to smell. Zamperini decided that this indicated maggots, so he left the bandage alone until the caked blood fell out in chunks. Then he removed the dressing. The scars were straight and thin. The wound had healed completely.

On the second day, the three men on the two rafts saw their first plane. It was a B-25, at 8,000 feet and two miles off, and it passed them without noticing the flares they sent up. The next day a Liberator flew by, directly overhead at 3,000 feet and again failed to notice the flares. On the 27th day they saw their third plane—and it saw them. It was a Jap "Betty" two-motored bomber, and it strafed them with machinegun fire. Zamperini dove overboard and fought off sharks until the Jap withdrew. The other two men—too weak to move—sprawled out on the decks as though they were dead. But the Japs didn't hit anyone.

Soon after this attack, the gunner McIntyre became delirious. Zamperini cured him for a time by threatening to report him to his "superior officer." On the 33d day, however, the gunner died and Zamperini mumbled a few prayers over his body and pushed it gently into the sea.

Life then became for the two survivors a series of hellish tortures—by the sun all day and by the blistering winds at night—as the rafts were sucked by the currents into the vicinity of the Jap-held Marshall Islands. On the 47th night their rafts bobbed corklike in a storm that drove them close to land. Through flashes of lightning, Zamperini saw a patch of green, and the following morning they found themselves in a sheltered lagoon.

"Say, Phillips," Zamperini said weakly, "it's an island."

The other man looked up and nodded. Their ordeal by open boat was over.

Meanwhile, back home in California, Zamperini's family received a telegram from the War Department informing them that their son was missing in action.

"I know he's alive," his mother said.

ZAMPERINI's and Phillips' first contact with the Japs was a pleasant surprise. They got food. Taken ashore by a ship's captain, the skeleton-shaped fliers were given hardtack and water, their first food in eight days. Zamperini, whose weight had scaled down from 160 to 87 pounds, ate slowly.

"It's delicious," he said.

For a few days the sick, emaciated and half-starved Americans were permitted rest by the Japanese. Then they were taken to Wojte, given further treatment, and transferred to Kwajalein, where they lived for 43 days on three handfuls of rice a day. This was balled up and thrown through their bars by a guard who goaded his prisoners into scrambling about the floor of the filthy cell for the stray grains of rice on which they nursed their exhausted bodies back to health.

Sometimes the guards would enter their cells, prod them with sticks, make them sing and dance. Then, learning somehow that Zamperini was an American athlete, they bribed him with offers of food to lose a foot race to some Jap runners. And later, when Zamperini said he thought Japan would lose the war, his nose was broken by a baseball bat. Zamperini set his nose himself by holding it in place all day and most of the night for two weeks until it healed.

LIFE at Kwajalein was a sample of life at Truk, Yohohama, Amomori and Naoetsu — all of which were ports of call on Zamperini's itinerary.

At Yokohama, a Jap became peeved when Zamperini's legs wouldn't fit under the jump seat of a Chevrolet sedan—and smacked him across the nose six times with a flashlight.

"My nose bled," said Zamperini. "But it didn't break again."

Later he made a radio broadcast back home. It was picked up in the U. S., but his survival was held so unlikely by the War Department that a wire was sent to his family, informing them that Zamperini was dead.

"No," his mother said. "I know he's alive."

At Amomori, meanwhile, Zamperini had met "The Bird," a frog-headed sadist who forced American prisoners to do push-ups a-straddle dung-filled slit trenches until they collapsed from exhaustion.

"Once," Zamperini told Trumbull, " 'The Bird' filled a tub with hot water and told me he would drown me before morning. Then he changed his mind and beat me around the head until my ears bled instead."

"The Bird" followed Zamperini to Naoetsu, the bug-alive boghole that was to be his last "home" in Japan. There "The Bird" lined up all the American officers and forced American enlisted men to slug them until they dropped. "The Bird" hated officers.

Zamperini was still at Naoetsu when the Jap surrendered. But "The Bird" had flown and the other Jap guards had overnight become fawning and solicitous.

Outwardly, Zamperini seemed little the worse for 47 days at sea in an open boat and 26 months of starvation, exposure, thirst and torture. He has even gained 50 pounds since his imprisonment. But inwardly, he was far the worse for it.

"If I had to go through with it again," he told Trumbull, "I'd kill myself."

Back home in California, his family got the news. Their son — the schoolboy runner, the Olympic star, the flier, their son—was safe.

"I always knew he was alive," his mother said simply.

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"HE'S WAITING FOR THE POINTS TO GET DOWN TO 50."
—S/Sgt. Dick Ericson

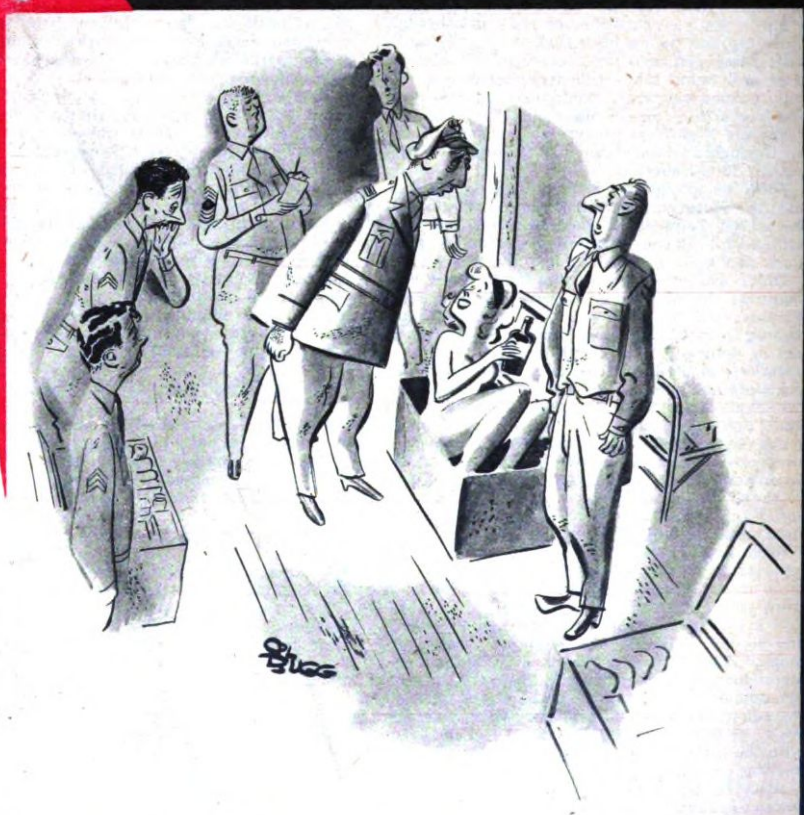


"JUST WHAT CROPS DO YOU PLAN TO HARVEST IN THE BRONX?"
—T-5 Jon Kennedy

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY



"WITH THE WAR OVER, SIR, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO TRY ON YOUR OLD UNIFORM."
—Pfc. Irwin Touster



"SMEDLEY, YOU KNOW THE REGULATIONS ABOUT LIQUOR IN THE BARRACKS."
—Cpl. Robert Bugg

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